

The Improvement Era

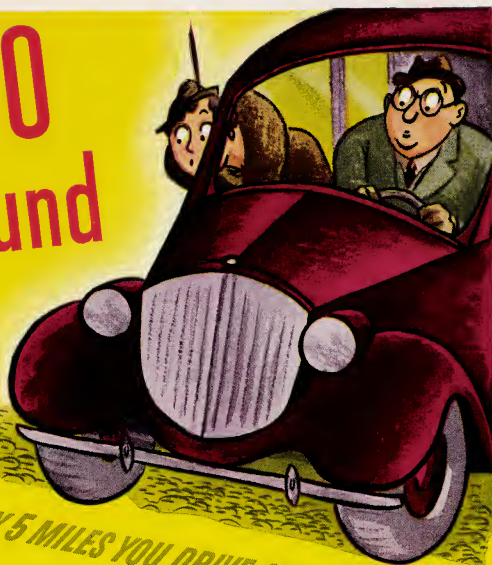


MARCH, 1937

Volume 40 Number 3

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

STOP and GO all year round



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The IMPROVEMENT

MARCH, 1937

VOLUME 40 NUMBER 3

IEIRA



"THE VOICE OF THE CHURCH"

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS, MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS, DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION, MUSIC COMMITTEE, WARD TEACHERS, AND OTHER AGENCIES OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

"The Glory of God is Intelligence"

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The Cover

THE many-gabled Lion House, in Salt Lake City, Utah, planned by Truman Angell as the home of his brother-in-law, President Brigham Young, was built in 1856, of native sandstone and Mormon adobe. Above the entrance, the British lion, carved by William Ward, has given the mansion its name and spread its fame throughout the world.

After the building no longer housed the Young families, it was remodeled and became part of the Latter-day Saint College. Since the autumn of 1932, the Lion House, under the direction of the Young Women's Mutual Improvement Association, has become a Social Center, offering opportunities for cultural development to the many thousands who have entered its doors.

(Cover design by D. F. Davis and F. K. Smith.)

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EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES:
50 North Main Street, Salt Lake City, Utah

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A MAGAZINE FOR EVERY
MEMBER OF THE FAMILY



THE GRAND TETONS, WYOMING.

MARCH of the MOUNTAINS

The Regimental Rockies

By
JOHN
SHERMAN
WALKER



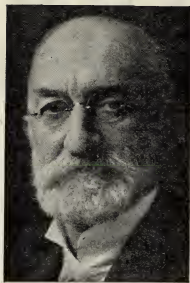
OUT of the morning mist they march in majesty—
The mighty, mantled mountains of the West;
Stirred by the bugle-winds that blow a reveille
Over the sleeping lines that rise from rest.

Led by sky-banners bright of blue and pristine gold,
The Regimental Rockies march en masse;
Onward along the Great Divide's Old West stronghold—
To the horizon line they proudly pass.

Under the steely midday sky they're marking time—
Scarred warriors of the Old West's bold frontiers;
Gray veterans that have stood the test of every clime—
With chevrons for their service through the years.

Snow-capped, in forest-green and sun-gold they parade,
Before the great God's grand reviewing stand;
Till beauteous evening touches with her accolade—
And golden sunset pins her medal grand.

Now dark-caped, star-epauleted peak sentinels
Take up their watch beneath the west moonlight;
While from the noble mounts each west wind trumpet tells
The slumbering mountain regiments—"good-night."



PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT

THE PRESIDENT ON CHURCH SECURITY

I DESIRE to call attention to a statement by President Brigham Young:

"My experience has taught me and it has become a principle with me, that it is never any benefit to give out and out, to man or woman, money, food, clothing, or anything else, if they are able-bodied and can work and earn what they need, when there is anything on earth for them to do. This is my principle and I try to act upon it. To pursue a contrary course would ruin any community in the world and make them idlers."

History records that this was not only the policy but the practice of Brigham Young and it is a restoration of this ideal that prompts the Church leaders today in their new relief efforts.

Our primary purpose in organizing the Church Security Plan was to set up, in so far as it might be possible, a system under which the curse of idleness would be done away with, the evils of a dole abolished, and independence, industry, thrift, and self-respect be once more established among our people. The aim of the Church is to help the people to help themselves. Work is to be re-enthroned as a ruling principle of the lives of our Church membership.

In accordance with this plan, everything that has been done has been accomplished by the purely voluntary gift or labor of members of the Church as well as the gifts of many non-members who have contributed most generously of their substance to aid the Church in its efforts. We wish especially to thank these for their help.

In early Pioneer days our people built some splendid irrigation projects. Some of them today would cost millions upon millions of dollars, and they were built by the cooperative labor of the people and

the exchange of their products. Brigham Young taught the people to sustain home manufacture, to be economical, to avoid extravagant habits, and not think of getting this, that, and the other which would not add to any actual comfort.

In those days we were clothed in what was known as "homespun." In nearly every home the wife would take the wool and prepare it for spinning; she would have in her home a loom on which she would weave the rag carpets. When we built a canal, the only money we needed was for the purchase of plows and scrapers, and for powder to blast the rocks. Most of our early enterprises were made possible by cooperative labor. I know of one little canal on which the settlers worked each winter for twelve long years, and reclaimed the ground where now stands a splendid little settlement of eight hundred or one thousand people. The accomplishments of our people have been brought about by pulling together, by "teamwork," by absolute unity and cooperation, which I believe existed here to a greater extent than in any other community.

IT GIVES me very great pleasure indeed to announce that we have had a remarkable and splendid increase in the tithes of the people since this Security Plan was first announced. We have also had, as I remember it, fully one hundred per cent increase in the amount of Fast Day offerings paid. The Church is growing in power and ability and strength along all lines. The growth in tithing and donations tells its own story.

I rejoice in this and I have rejoiced in the very many splendid and remarkable meetinghouses we are building. The Church has furnished a great deal of employment by increasing the amount they are giving to the people when they erect

meetinghouses. We are giving them now sixty per cent of the total cost from the tithes, instead of nothing, which was the case when I was President of the Tooele Stake of Zion. We had to build our own meetinghouses out there, and there was nothing given by the Church because they were not able to give anything. The Church finally started giving one-quarter, then one-third, then fifty per cent, and now we are able, because of the increase in tithes of the people, to give sixty per cent towards the cost of the erection of meetinghouses. And out of the remaining forty per cent I do not believe that the people need to raise one-half. The amount of labor that the people can give in their wards makes up the difference. Certainly Zion is growing.

I do not ask any man or child in this Church, although I am more than eighty years of age, to work any more hours than I do. I have worked more than one day from half past three in the morning until nine o'clock at night.* I do not know of anything that destroys a person's health more quickly than not working. It seems to me that lazy people die young while those who are ready and willing to labor and who ask the Lord day by day to help them to do more in the future than they have ever done in the past, are the people whom the Lord loves, and who live to a good old age.

May the Lord help you and me and every soul to labor with all the ability which we possess; and to bring others to do so by our example. May the Lord bless every honest soul upon the earth, and help every Latter-day Saint so to live that his example will shine and that he will help to bring others to a knowledge of the truth.—H. J. G.

*Read "A Page from the Life of a Busy Man" from February, 1937 issue of *The Improvement Era*, page 67.



FRANCIS W. KIRKHAM

A CHALLENGE IN THE CHURCH

By DR. FRANCIS W. KIRKHAM

HEREWITH ARE PRESENTED ONE MAN'S VIEWS ON A CHALLENGING QUESTION—CHURCH SECURITY.

THE members of the Priesthood have an exceptional opportunity and challenge in our Church Security Plan. The Church declares "that man is saved no faster than he gains intelligence" and that "The Glory of God is Intelligence." By using time wisely we increase our intelligence. Thus, we achieve our temporal and spiritual salvation by conforming our lives to eternal truth. This end may be achieved not only by the things we do for ourselves, but also by what we do for others. In fact, we help ourselves most by helping others, because "it is better to give than to receive." "Whosoever will save his soul shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his soul, for my sake, shall find it," sayeth the Master.

In keeping with these principles, there is provided in each Priesthood Quorum, (which includes all worthy male members of the Church above twelve years of age) someone to account for each member. In the Aaronic Priesthood the supervisor has this responsibility; in the Melchizedek a personal welfare committee functions. They account for each member, so that all may be engaged in work and in cultural and spiritual activities.

In what way does the Church Security Plan provide opportunities to realize this ideal?

In the first place, it gives stimulus to the quorum to account for each member for his economic, cultural, and spiritual welfare.

Every man is his brother's keep-

er. To achieve this end, each member may make available to his quorum a complete picture of his circumstances. Do all members of the family have full time work? Have all ample Church activities? Are all members of the family, who are seeking educational opportunities, at school? Is a member worthy and able to go on a mission? Until all these situations and many others are known for every member, and solutions found, we have not achieved our quorum objectives.

We shall agree that each quorum member should first use his own initiative and determination to find work opportunities for himself and family. Members should also be given Church activities in keeping with their faith and ability. Quorum members working with ward, stake and community officials should provide activities in art, music, and literature as well as social service. There should be community clean up, paint up, and fix up drives.

The most difficult task, however, will be to find remunerative work opportunities for all members. We are passing through important economic changes. Machinery and power are rapidly decreasing employment while increasing our production. The same man power which produces eighteen bushels of wheat today, produced only one bushel before the use of modern machinery. Dr. Harold O. Rugg of Columbia University stated recently that he operated four looms in a cotton mill in 1902. Today one man operates two hundred looms. This technological advance has both increased our wants and our ability to satisfy them so that new industries and commodities have been created such as the radio, the aeroplane, and labor saving mechanical devices of many kinds. These new industries have thus provided in

part for displaced labor from other industries.

In our present economy, however, money is invested in new industries only when and if the investment is safe and if a reasonable return on the capital is assured. And the West is limited in her ability to compete with the industrial East where power, labor, transportation to market, availability of raw material and other factors are more accessible to manufacturing enterprises.

Under these circumstances we may well ask, is it possible for us to provide work opportunities for all members of all the quorums of the Church? What can we do now and how shall we begin? As I have thought through these problems I would answer about as follows. It is, of course, only a personal opinion to be revised with experience.

FIRST, let us proceed, as our Church Security Plan is now organized, toward its first objective. Encourage all to give according to their ability and distribute these surplus products according to need, each person receiving to compensate by giving in exchange his labor for the good of all. This is a marvelous opportunity and an unusual privilege for both the giver and the one who receives.

Second, create work projects for our members who are in greatest need, and who have the least ability to compete in the labor market. The products of this industry may in part be turned to the Bishop's Storehouse to be distributed according to need, as many of these workers will be furnished clothing, food, and shelter by order from the bishops. Some of these products, however, may be distributed through cooperatives on the open market for money for the individual workers so

TO THE PRIESTHOOD SECURITY PLAN

that they may feel the thrill of independent self-support.

Third, let each quorum try to place each member at some profitable service or work for money or at the making of an article or the growing of farm and range products to be sold on the market for money. Many opportunities will be found for mutual cooperation and help, exchanging work for lease of land, or for the advance of money for seed, and other forms of assistance.

Fourth, make an appeal, under the direction of stake and regional committees, to all of us, to invest money in new industries, not only for profit, but primarily for providing work for all. Even at the cost of a few cents more on the price of an article, we must purchase home-made goods, so that all may be employed.

Finally, if it is found impossible to find work opportunities for all by selling on the open market, then let us supplement our present money economy by producing commodities for exchange between Church units through our established Bishop's Storehouse. For example, President Mark Austin of the Church Security Program recently showed me a plan for a home that would cost about \$2,000.00. He stated that it was his opinion that the labor and all the products, such as brick, common lumber, and other

materials needed could be provided on an exchange basis, except about \$250.00 for glass, paint, hardware, and certain kinds of lumber.

Should the several Church stakes and regional committees begin a system of production for exchange among quorum members on a non-profit basis there may arise objections on the theory that such procedure would interfere with our present established industry and business.

Will it hurt present business if we raise our standard of living by using part of our time, which would otherwise be wasted, for the production of commodities for exchange among ourselves? Thus to stimulate our habits of industry will cause us to seek constantly for work opportunities for money for the very reason that such work will be more profitable. In the writer's opinion, such procedure would actually increase, not decrease, the money available to purchase goods and services. It would also help to lift the burden of taxes now exacted for relief purposes and would help prevent bad debts with merchants. There may be exceptions in isolated cases in a few industries. For example, if the people of Emery County should produce coal on their idle time and exchange that coal for canned fruit and vegetables on Provo bench, a few coal dealers on Provo bench may lose some trade,

but the people there would have the money they have saved in buying coal to spend for other things. Business as a whole will be helped and the standard of living of our people would be raised.

In my opinion, no one will want to work for an exchange of products if he can produce for the money market. The exchange plan is merely a plan to devise a way to use time which would otherwise be wasted, and for which no product can be placed on the money market. For example, in our farming communities during the winter months our people are idle a considerable part of their time. Likewise, in our cities many are idle. The organization of the idle time of all members of the Church for their cultural, spiritual and economic welfare is the challenge of the Church Security Program. How, by any other procedure, shall there be no idlers in Zion?

No one at this time can say what will happen in the next few years. At present the challenge to the Priesthood is to see that each member's time is profitably occupied for his temporal and eternal salvation. Each member should look to himself to see that his land, his machinery, and his money are all at work so that we may all enjoy the Abundant Life and partake of the blessings of earth and heaven. Each should also eagerly cooperate with his neighbors. This means more of giving and less of keeping, more of love and less of envy. Thus, we shall increase our faith in God, assist each other, and be an example to the world.

ST. GEORGE REPORTS A RECORD

St. George, Utah, January 23, 1937

We notice by the last "Improvement Era" that one ward in the Church has an "Era" in every home.

We can go you one better than that. Gunlock Ward has an "Era" placed in every home in the ward, and in one home two subscriptions to one family so that it has more than 100%.

Central Ward is not able to hold Mutual this year, they are so scattered, but every home has the "Era," and some of the families were not L. D. S. members.

Veyo Ward has an "Era" in every home but two. However, two school teachers of that town teaching there this winter bought the "Era," one sending it to Washington Ward, giving the credit to Veyo, and the other to Enterprise, giving the credit to Enterprise, but we really sold those two there in Veyo, making up for the two missing families.

These wards were sold 100% before October 1, 1936, so we feel that this information should be given in from the St. George Stake.

Of the amount of subscriptions sent to you from us, half was taken in as produce from the people and resold by the Young Woman's Stake "Improvement Era" workers. We were able to resell it all, and only too glad to get our total amount this way to send in to you. Enterprise has two-thirds of their homes with "Eras" placed in them.

We have tried hard to put St. George Stake somewhere on the map.

Yours truly,
Edith Segmiller and Lida Prince,
St. George Stake.



HIRAM B. CLAWSON,
FATHER OF RUDGER
CLAWSON.



MARGARET GAY CLAW-
SON, MOTHER OF RUD-
GER CLAWSON.

THE YOUTH AND EARLY MANHOOD OF RUDGER CLAWSON

BY
BRYANT S.
HINCKLEY

*President of the
Northern States Mission*

RUDGER CLAWSON stands upon the summit of eighty years, a quiet, fearless defender of the faith; a God-fearing, benevolent leader of men.

Coming generations will read the story of his life with interest and admiration. Running through it are pathos, tragedy, and humor with striking and impressive verifications of courage, loyalty, obedience, and faith. He has to his credit four-score years of constructive and blameless living—years that have revealed the strength and fiber of his soul—years that have crowned him with honor and won for him the love and confidence of a great people.

From his early manhood to his eightieth year the strong and dominant note running through his life and permeating his thinking is the spread of truth and the well-being of his fellows. He is a peace-loving, quiet-spoken, mild-mannered, mellow-tempered man, always gentle but adamant for the truth.

Prudent, patient, painstaking, never boasting, never demonstrative, and never compromising—he stands as one of the strong characters of his day.

The first twenty years of his life were placid and delightful, filled with carefree days and the dreams of youth. The next ten years were turbulent and tragic—not dreams but realities of a stern and bitter kind.

On the twelfth of March, 1857, Rudger Clawson was born in Salt

AS PRESIDENT CLAWSON APPROACHES HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY, MARCH 12, 1937, THE AUTHOR LOOKS BACK ON THE BACKGROUND, HERITAGE, AND ESSENTIAL QUALITIES THAT HAVE ENABLED THIS MAN TO FACE PERSECUTION, INCARCERATION, AND ASSASSINATION WITHOUT LOSING COURAGE OR COMPROMISING PRINCIPLE.

Lake City of goodly parents. His father, Hiram B. Clawson, was a public-spirited and enterprising citizen, who was personally acquainted with the Prophet Joseph Smith and who stood high in the confidence of President Brigham Young, and his successors. He was a pioneer, a diplomat, a soldier, a dramatist, and a business man. He made forty-two journeys across the plains, built the first adobe building in Utah, superintended the construction of the Salt Lake Theatre, appeared upon its stage, and served as its manager. He was one of the pioneer merchants of Utah and the first super-

intendent of Z. C. M. I.—an Indian war veteran, a bishop and a patriarch, honored and esteemed. His wife, Margaret Gay Judd, the mother of Rudger, was a beautiful and talented woman of refined tastes and artistic ability.

President Clawson's early associates were the outstanding young men of that time. Among them were such distinguished leaders as President Heber J. Grant, Brigadier General Richard W. Young, Abraham H. Cannon, Orson F. Whitney, Horace G. Whitney, Junius E. Wells, and others. That was a generation of talented and superior young men and women. President Clawson was popular among them, deservedly so. He has a delightful sense of humor, was a trained reader, a graceful dancer, and an industrious and dependable worker. Among other advantages he was privileged to attend the University of Deseret, (Utah) when John R. Park, a pioneer educator, was its president and did much of the teaching.

At the age of eighteen he became secretary to John W. Young, who will go down in history as one of the promoters of his time. In this capacity he was taken to New York City where he remained for two years. It was an unusual opportunity for a young man to live in the metropolis of America during some

AN UNUSUAL PICTURE OF RUDGER CLAWSON, TAKEN AT THE AGE OF TWO, WITH AN OLD MAN WHO TOOK GREAT INTEREST IN THE LITTLE BOY.





PICTURE OF RUDGER CLAWSON, TAKEN
APRIL, 1930.

of the impressionable years of his life. This contact gave him poise, self-confidence and polished manners. He was an active member of the Wasatch Literary Association, which was at that time one of the most popular social clubs in Salt Lake City. At twenty he had every reason to look forward to a cushioned and prosperous career. Those halcyon days gave no premonition of what the next ten years would bring to him in the course of his experiences.

President Clawson has a clear and orderly intellect—he is, and always has been, an industrious and methodical worker, pursuing steadily and purposefully the task in hand. All his work is smooth, accurate and artistic. He has a genius for record making—a rare capacity for sifting facts, selecting the essentials and recording them, and the record which he makes is beautiful to look at and fascinating to read.

To scan his private history, which he keeps with little effort, is indeed interesting. He has in it just enough detail and personality, with frequent glints of humor, to make it pleasant to read. The report which he made of the European Mission during his presidency is said to be the most complete report of its kind that was ever filed in the office of the Church Historian.

An analysis of his character reveals a courage that is never questioned, a loyalty that never wavers, a quiet faith that is inspiring and a fidelity to his friends and his convictions that is at once heroic.

Underneath a calm and mild exterior lie the rugged virtues that combine to build a rock-ribbed and impregnable character. He is never radical in his utterances, never severe in his judgments, never harsh in his discipline; still there is granite in his composition—he is firm and immovable in his convictions.

For his religion he has faced with folded arms the leveled guns of a murderous and infuriated mob, and deliberately said, "Shoot!" For a principle he suffered bonds and imprisonment. He would meet death with a smile rather than betray a friend or deny the truth. In prison he suffered abuses and endured foul indignities that, to a man of his refined sensibilities, would seem unbearable, and this he did without becoming morose or embittered. His faith in his Creator is settled and flawless.

Early in his career he became a thoroughly trained and skillful accountant and this played a significant part in his after life. For eleven years he served as president of the Box Elder Stake of Zion. On October 10, 1898, he was made a member of the Council of the Twelve Apostles; at the General Conference held October 6, 1901, he was sustained as Second Counselor in the First Presidency; from 1910 to 1913 he presided over the British Mission and for eighteen years he has served as president of the Quorum of the Twelve.

AT THE General Conference of the Church, held in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, April, 1879, Rudger Clawson was called to fill a mission to the Southern States. He responded and was soon on his way. His early experiences as a missionary were almost as humorous as his subsequent ones were tragic and bitter. He was assigned to labor in

the state of Georgia with Joseph Standing, a young man twenty-six years of age from Salt Lake City, who had already filled one mission and had spent sixteen months on a second mission. These young men were congenial in temperament, harmonious in tastes, and happy in their work. They had been together but a short time, however, when they were instructed to go to Rome, Georgia, to attend a district conference.

The account of Joseph Standing's martyrdom which follows is substantially as related by President Clawson to the writer.

As these missionaries made their way on foot to the conference Elder Standing related a dream he had had which greatly impressed him and which was weighing heavily upon his mind. The dream proved to be a premonition of the awful tragedy here related.

After a long and tiresome day's journey, near midnight, the Elders knocked at the door of Mr. Holston, not a member of the Church. After explaining to him who they were he said: "Gentlemen, come in. You are welcome to my home." He secured a light and said further: "In all likelihood the mob will be here searching for you—but," said he with clenched fists and great emphasis: "If they come into my yard I will shoot them down like dogs." He knew what a mob meant but he was unafraid. The Elders were

LYDIA SPENCER CLAWSON, WIFE OF RUDGER CLAWSON AND MOTHER OF NINE OF HIS TEN CHILDREN.





PRESIDENT RUDGER CLAWSON AND ELDER CHARLES A. CALLIS ON UMBRELLA ROCK ON TOP OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN OVERLOOKING THE FAMOUS MOCCASIN BEND IN THE TENNESSEE RIVER, NEAR CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE, ABOUT THIRTY MILES FROM THE SCENE OF THE KILLING OF ELDER JOSEPH STANDING. THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN ON THE OCCASION OF PRESIDENT CLAWSON'S FIRST RETURN TO THE SOUTHERN STATES WHILE BROTHER CALLIS WAS STILL PRESIDENT OF THE MISSION.

shown to their room. Fatigued with the journey and exhausted with anxiety they were soon lost in sleep. The morning of July 21, 1879, dawned bright and beautiful. It was Sunday—peace permeated the very atmosphere they breathed. There was a calmness and a spirit of tranquillity that was in keeping with the Holy day; it was, however, but the calm that precedes the cyclone.

After expressing their gratitude and appreciation to Mr. Holston and explaining that they would call on their way back, the young missionaries started on their journey. Peace was in their youthful hearts. They carried the message of good will toward all men. They were young, alone, unarmed, and far from home. Their only armor of defense was the truth. As they walked through the primeval woods of Georgia with the feeling that all the trouble was over, they made a turn in the road and suddenly came in view of an armed mob.

With shouts and vile imprecations the mob charged down upon them. The leader said: "You are our prisoners." Elder Standing replied: "By what authority do you arrest us upon the public highway? If you have a warrant for our arrest we should like to see it." The answer was: "The United States of America is 'agin' you and there is no law in Georgia for the Mormons. You go with us." "We'll show you by

what authority we act!" some of them shouted.

The mobocrats led the way and the missionaries followed. Elder Standing was greatly agitated. He was deathly pale and moved nervously and quickly all the time, endeavoring to explain to the mob the nature of their mission, what they were doing—expostulating with them to no avail. Elder Clawson walked more deliberately and slowly, which seemed to exasperate one of the fiends behind him who gave him a heavy blow on the back of the head which almost felled him to the ground. A few minutes later this same murderer raised a heavy club and was about to deliver a death-dealing blow to this innocent man when one of the mob caught his arm. This vicious fellow had already flourished a cocked pistol menacingly in Elder Clawson's face accompanied with oaths and threats.

As they went along Elder Standing repeatedly asked for water. He seemed to have an insatiable thirst. They soon reached a spring of water in a secluded spot deep in the woods. They sat around this spring and one of the mobocrats said to Elder Standing: "There's the water; you've been asking for it; why don't you drink?" Elder Standing said: "I don't wish to drink now." "You needn't be afraid; we won't hurt you while you do." Thereupon Elder Standing walked slowly to the spring, lay down and drank and drank. It seemed almost impossible for him to quench his thirst. He returned to his seat in the circle. A desultory conversation ensued in the course of which the vilest accusations were laid against the Mormons. A space of nearly an hour was consumed in this way.

We quote the words of President Clawson:

The fateful moment had arrived. The three men on horses rode up. The presumption is that they had left the party shortly after our arrest for the purpose of locating a secluded place in the forest to carry out the intent of the mob. . . . The spokesman with a rifle in his trembling hands, for he appeared greatly agitated, said: "Follow us. . . . At that critical instant, Joseph Standing jumped to his feet, turned and faced the horsemen, clasped his hands firmly together, and said in a commanding voice, "Surrender."

As the word "Surrender" left the lips of Joseph Standing, one of the men sitting in the circle pointed his weapon at Elder Standing and fired. Elder Standing, whirling in his tracks, fell heavily to the ground face downward, and immediately turned upon his back with his face upward. The mobocrats instantly stood upon their feet. A cloud of smoke and dust enveloped the body of the wounded man. At this critical juncture the leading mobocrat, pointing at me, said: "Shoot that man." Every weapon was leveled at my head. My time had come, so it seemed to me. My turn to follow Joseph Standing was at hand. The command to shoot had been given. I was looking down the gun barrels of the murderous mob. I folded my arms and said: "Shoot," and almost persuaded myself that I was shot, so intense were my feelings.

I quickly recovered my presence of mind when I heard the voice of a mobocrat which said hurriedly and in a tone of fear: "Don't shoot."

I then stepped over to the spot where Joseph Standing had fallen. He was breathing heavily; the death rattle was in his throat and a great, gaping bullet wound appeared in his forehead just above the bridge of his nose. He was unconscious. I did not speak to him. I saw at a glance that he was beyond all earthly help.

The chief mobocrat stepped up by my

RUDGER CLAWSON (LEFT) WHEN IN THE MISSION FIELD WITH ELDER JOSEPH STANDING (RIGHT).



side and together we stood looking down upon the prostrate form of the dying man.

Do you ask, "What does one experience who receives a bullet into his body at a vital point?" I can tell you, although no bullet has ever entered my body. When the guns and pistols of the mobocrats were leveled at my head and the command to fire had been given, I thought I was actually shot and suffered for a moment or two the agony of a dying man. With my eyes wide open, gazing into the muzzles of the deadly weapons, instantly the sight went out of my eyes: total blindness followed, and I was enveloped in darkness. The world around me seemed to be blotted out. When I heard the voice in command say: "Don't shoot," it was just then that the realization came to me that I had not been shot. My sight gradually returned and I lived again, so to speak.

I am sure this was the experience of Elder Standing, only in his case he did not live again.

SUDDENLY the mob appeared to sense the horrible character of the deed they had committed, and seized with consternation they instinctively rushed together in a compact group as if seeking mutual protection. Elder Clawson walked over to where Elder Standing was lying, stooped and looked into his face. He was breathing heavily. He raised the dying man's head, and tenderly placed his hat under it to keep it out of the dust. An awful sense of grief and utter loneliness seized him; he could only put his trust in God. He exclaimed: "Gentlemen, it is a burning shame to leave a man to die in these woods this way. For Heaven's sake, either you go and secure assistance that the body may be removed and cared for or allow me to do so." After a moment's consultation they said: "You go."

Elder Clawson set out at once to find the coroner. It took him from ten o'clock in the morning until sunset to get the coroner and his assistants to the place where the body lay. He says: "I was horrified to discover that the mob had returned—presumably while Elder Standing was yet alive—and had fired several shots into his face and neck." The coroner's jury, after due deliberation, rendered a verdict to the effect that Joseph Standing met his death from gun shots fired by a mob—giving their names. The body was then released.

A door was secured from a deserted cabin near by, the body placed upon it, and six men, Brother Clawson being one of them, carried the remains to Mr. Holston's home where it was placed on a scaffold out under the trees. It was now well into the night. The coroner before leaving said: "Mr. Clawson, why don't you bury the body here in

Georgia? After some years you can take up the bones and move them to Utah." He said, "Never, never, never! I am going to do for my companion what he would do for me under like circumstances. I tell you frankly, Mr. Coroner, if I had been shot to death in Georgia, as he was shot to death, I would not wish to be buried in this soil. I am sure Joseph Standing feels that way. I am going to take his body home." "Well," said the coroner, "you will not be able to do it."

Quoting from Brother Clawson:

It became my duty to prepare the body. I had never before touched a dead person, and yet there was no help for it. Under the feeble light of several candles I washed the body. With painstaking care I washed the wounds. To me it was a painful ordeal—but willingly and tenderly performed.

It was far into the dark before he completed this sad and difficult service. This was a supreme test of his loyalty to his companion. All who read this story must know that Rudger Clawson in a supreme and crucial hour displayed the spirit and courage of a martyr.

He proceeded to secure the best metallic casket obtainable—placed the body in it and had it carefully sealed. However, almost insurmountable difficulties were experienced before the railroad would receive the body for shipment. He was forced to place the metallic casket in a large wooden box and surround it with dry cinders. It was then carried by rail from Dalton, Georgia, to Salt Lake City, a distance of three thousand miles.

PRESIDENT CLAWSON AS HE APPEARED AT ABOUT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN.



The name of Joseph Standing will shine forever among those who gave their lives for the truth. He has won a place among the immortal and glorified ones, who suffered martyrdom for the testimony of Jesus.

LORENZO SNOW's administration as President of the Church was a brief but significant one (1898-1901). When he came to the presidency the Church was in financial distress. He was inspired to formulate and able to execute plans which liberated it from the bondage of debt and started it on its way to financial security. Rudger Clawson played a vital part in this epoch making period.

No other man, except his earthly father, has influenced so powerfully the life of Rudger Clawson as did Lorenzo Snow.

The circumstances which led to his intimate acquaintance with President Lorenzo Snow and the chain of events which followed this acquaintance show that omnipotent fingers were weaving the web of his life.

In President Clawson's life we have exemplified the glorious and comforting thought that forever shining through our darkest days is the bright assurance that our hardest experiences may be turned to our highest good—that our bitterest trials may prove to be our sweetest memories.

It is convincingly shown in the record of Rudger Clawson's life that the hand of Providence has shaped his destiny. As one reads this story he is confronted with questions that can only find satisfactory answers in the fact that an unseen and powerful hand has preserved his life—that "a divinity has shaped his end."

The master influence in shaping the character of this splendid man is his reverence and love for the Redeemer of the world—of whose mission he has a deep understanding. This understanding has bred in him a universal love for mankind—a tenderness for the poor, a tolerance for the wayward, and a compassion for the unfortunate.

Rudger Clawson has never been false to any man; he has honored his Apostleship and subordinated every other interest to it. Always valiant for the testimony of Jesus, he stands upon the summit of eighty years, a quiet, fearless, defender of the faith—a kind and devoted husband, a loving father, a God-fearing and benevolent leader of men.

The OUTLAW of NAVAJO MOUNTAIN

The Story of Posey, Last Pah-Ute Outlaw

By ALBERT R. LYMAN

CHAPTER IX—THE OLD RIVAL.

THE BARRIERS of Poke's exile crumbled away and the Pah-Ute life settled down to a normalcy somewhat new. Hatch was gone. Sanop had sickened and died, one of his incorrigible sons languished in jail at Cortez, Colorado, and the other hid somewhere in the rocks of Ute Mountain with half a dozen deadly enemies trying to find him.

Posey's sudden change of fortune left him in no condition of humility to remember what Haskel had said. Disaster or death had selected the leading thieves, he couldn't fail to see that, and the first report of their fate had been sharply impressive. Yet his own troubles had vanished: Toorah was his devoted shadow

THE STORY THUS FAR: More than half a century ago, when Kit Carson rounded up the Navajos and drove them into Santa Fe, New Mexico, to keep them there in the "bullpen" for three years, a disaffected handful of Pah-Utes broke away from their tribe north of the San Juan River and took possession of Navajo Mountain in Navajo territory. When the Navajos came back, these Pah-Ute renegades refused to vacate the Navajo country and bad blood resulted. Sowagerie (Posey), the central character of this story, was a child of one of the Pah-Ute renegades. He grew up in a cradle of anarchy. Bitseel, a son of the ousted Navajos, was Posey's most bitter enemy. Frequent raiding parties between the two tribes and the killing and plundering of unsuspecting travelers, cattlemen, and ranchers, resulted in complications that forced the Pah-Ute deserters to rejoin their tribe. In the midst of this tense situation in 1879 a colony of Mormons was sent down to settle the San Juan country, largely for the purpose of improving relationships with the Indians. Thales Haskel was their chief interpreter—a man skilled in Indian dialect and psychology. But the Navajos and Pah-Utes continued to prey upon each other and upon the Mormon settlement. The feud between Posey and Bitseel continued, in gambling games and in subtle and secret warfare. During one skirmish when cowboy avengers scattered the tribe, the renegade son, Sowagerie, was momentarily separated from the tribe with Toorah, little sister of Poke, the Pah-Ute leader. This brief interlude marked the beginning of a smoldering romance that caused Sowagerie bravely to change his name to Posey and vainly dress himself in fine clothes, braid his hair, and put on war paint. This interest in his little sister, however, was reluctantly disapproved by Poke, who looked upon the "apostate" Posey as "skunk," and so referred to him. The Pah-Ute tribe, loosely organized at best, broke up into factions when a common enemy was not threatening. During one such period of disorganization, Toorah, Posey's beloved, disappeared with her brothers and all Posey's searchings for her were vain. Finally, Posey consulted Thales Haskel and was told his luck would improve if he quit lying, stealing, and marauding. Doubtfully, and as a last resort, Posey did try the suggested remedy half-heartedly. Mysteriously one night in an isolated place he heard Toorah's voice and saw her footprints but was rewarded with no sight of her. In the last chapter Posey secured vague information concerning Toorah's possible whereabouts from Paddy, a young Pah-Ute who had crossed and recrossed the country for days on a death ride resulting from a feud with Grass-hopper, another young Pah-Ute. Thus poorly informed and after much difficulty, Posey came stealthily upon Poke's camp and found Toorah bound and guarded by squaws, her brothers being absorbed in a card game at a nearby camp. After skirmishing with dogs and squaws Posey released Toorah and these two lovers madly dashed to freedom. The carefree joy of their new found freedom together was soon interrupted, however, when Poke accidentally stumbled upon their hiding place. But he was in trouble and his ugly threatening gave way to surliness. The gambling game that had made possible Posey's escape with Toorah resulted in some killings and Poke needed horses, food and protection, which Posey agreed to secure for him.

SOMEWHERE BEHIND A BANK OF BLACK CLOUDS THE SUN WAS SETTING AND A DAMP BREATH OF APPROACHING STORM WHISPERED FROM THE SOUTHWEST, WHEN HE OF THE LITTLE HAT WAITED ON HIS INVINCIBLE SORREL PONY AND PEERED OVER A RIDGE AT A DOZEN HORSES ON THE SANDHILLS BELOW.





POSEY, THE FIGURE ON THE EXTREME RIGHT, HERE SHOWN AS A YOUNG MAN, WALKED INTO THIS PICTURE UNINVITED. THE SETTING IS AN OLD PRINT OF FRANK H. HYDES STORE AT BLUFF, UTAH.

wherever he went and the dreaded old grizzly was pacified. This was the bright morning after the storm—why worry?

Toorah was really his own—it had raised him to a wild transport of delight. The little sister of the invincible cavalier—the phantom girl of his dreams—she had come back from the mists and the maze to his own *wickiup*. Her voice which he had heard in sorrow on the desert wind in the midnight was the real voice of the girl who clung to him and loved him. He was a victor, a king, and he had come into his own splendid heritage.

Through optimistic eyes he saw his luck about to change for the better in everything. Unfortunately for him at this particular time, in a glorious whirl of *ducki* he won three good horses from Bitseel. Three horses taken with imperial hand from the despised Navajo, and four Mormon horses he would get from near the mouth of Recapture, would bring him well towards recovery from the ten he had delivered to Poke.

When he went to nail those four saddlers near the mouth of Recapture, he found only a hot trail leading south across the river to the hogan of Bitseel. The big Navajo had stolen those horses, the miserable thief. He had done that to balance his accounts after that losing whirl at *ducki*.

Posey grieved over it. This was

a troublesome fly in the sweet ointment of his honeymoon. And also it was a great injustice to the poor man in Bluff who was depending on those horses. Answering a prodigious sense of propriety and justice, Posey went to Bluff and kindly informed the owner of the horses where they had gone.

Bishop Nielson sent Haskel across the river to recover the much-needed animals, and after a long, tiresome hunt the old man brought them back. The owner, delighted to see them again, put them in a secluded, grassy nook to be rested and refreshed for important work soon to be done.

Posey's business and profession was to spy on this whole process. He went straight to the grassy nook and corrected the whole complication of untoward events by applying the four horses as at first intended to the recovery of his deal with Poke.

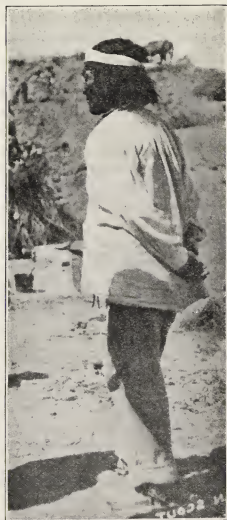
Somebody told Bitseel who had given him away and spoiled his rich haul from near Recapture. "*Chinde Clizhl Clizhl*" he hissed, and he set himself and some of his friends to spy on the Cheepoots people for an opening to even the score with compound interest. But Posey knew nothing of this damaging report having been taken to his enemy, and he made no provision to repel new hostilities.

His people had bought a fine pinto stallion—they had wanted it badly and being unable to steal it they had paid a good price, expecting to raise fine horses of their very own. The big Navajo took smiling account of

this handsome creature, and of the fond expectation of its unsuspecting owners.

SOMEWHERE behind a bank of black clouds the sun was setting and a damp breath of approaching storm whispered from the south-west, when he of the little hat waited on his invincible sorrel pony and peered over a ridge at a dozen horses on the sandhills below. As darkness deepened and big drops of

(Continued on page 189)



A NAVAJO INDIAN



PRESIDENT RUDGER CLAWSON AS HE APPEARS IN HIS EIGHTIETH YEAR, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN OCTOBER, 1936, BY BLANK & STOLLER OF NEW YORK.

RUDGER CLAWSON'S SERVICE IN THE COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE

By DR. JOHN A. WIDTSON

Of the Council of the Twelve

"BEST thou a man diligent in his business; he shall stand before kings." This message of old is a key to the life and labors of the man who now presides over the Council of Twelve, whose service entitles him to the plaudit, "well done."

During the thirty-seven years since Elder Rudger Clawson was ordained an Apostle and called into the Council of Twelve (Oct. 10, 1898), his activity in behalf of the welfare of the Church has been unremitting. Deliberately, without hurry, but persistently, he has accomplished an amount of methodical work in setting the Church in order, which perhaps has never been surpassed in the same length of time.

This is in part the result of President Clawson's orderly mind. He is a trained accountant with a love of order and system in all that he does. He has learned that duties, regularly performed, make a great total throughout the years. His service has not been spasmodic, but regular—therefore fruitful of great results.

Living power has been given to President Clawson's orderly devotion to his duties by his unflinching faith that the cause of the Church is of divine origin and divinely guided. His testimony of the truth of the work restored through the Prophet Joseph Smith is ever direct and positive, never hedged about or negative. This has been the activating force of his ministry. Faith, order, and diligence form an armor and a weapon which always lead men to victory. They have led him to great heights.

So equipped, President Clawson has gone out, during thirty-seven

eventful years, among the stakes and wards of Zion to bless and help them. The record of his life's labors is before the people. He has taught the Gospel, urged compliance with its requirements, administered to the sick, comforted the sorrowful, counseled the undecided, encouraged the doubting, and all with a gentle humor that has let the sunshine through the clouds. He has been a peacemaker in our troubled world. Many love him.

Since he has ever been respectful of the Priesthood, reverent towards all sacred things, obedient to those presiding over him, and faithful in his compliance with Gospel requirements, the inspiration that belongs to his calling has been with him. By the spirit of discernment and the power of prophecy he has often been enabled to discover the hidden needs of individuals or groups, or to call the right men to responsible positions in the Church. He has depended upon the Lord, who has not failed him. The influence of his Priesthood and office has been felt for good in the Church.

As the presiding officer of the Council of Twelve, President Clawson has performed his duties with steady devotion. The interests of the Church have been his interest. Every request from the field has been heeded by him. His associates on the Council, to whom he has always been courteous and kind, hold him in affectionate regard. He has taken, and takes, his full share of travel and other labor required of

A METHODICAL MAN, PRESIDENT CLAWSON HAS KEPT CAREFUL RECORD OF HIS ACTIVITIES AND HAS MADE NOTABLE CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CAUSE OF SYSTEMATIZING CHURCH PROCEDURE.

the Twelve. He has set the pace and the example in ministering among the people.

Perhaps no better statement can be made concerning President Clawson's Apostolic labors than the following list of his Church-wide service from January, 1899, to December 31, 1936. This information has been recorded and preserved by President Clawson with meticulous care during the long period of thirty-seven years:

Priesthood Ordinations

Patriarchs	56
High Priests	1,066
Seventies	475
Elders	235
Bishops	417
	<hr/> 2,249

Settings Apart

Stake Presidents	46
Counselors to Stake Presidents	97
High Councilors	378
Alternate High Councilors	135
Presidents of High Priests Quorums	26
Counselors to Presidents of High Priests Quorums	31
Presidents of Seventies Quorums	159
Presidents of Elders Quorums	23
Counselors to Presidents of Elders Quorums	12
Having already been ordained Bishops now again set apart to preside as Bishops	37
Bishops' Counselors	868
Presiding Elders over Branches	21
Former Blessings Restored	14
Number set apart to Fill Foreign Missions	975
Stake Clerks	24
	<hr/> 2,846

Priesthood Ordinations.....2,249

TOTAL5,095

Stake Conferences Attended.....	1,195
Ward Meetings Attended.....	1,204
Miscellaneous Meetings Attended.....	6,655

Total number of meetings attended	9,054
Total number of times addressed	6,000
Total number of miles going and coming	576,107

Notes

Of the foregoing ordinations to the Priesthood, 41 High Priests and 123 Elders (total 164) were ordained by President Clawson during his presidency of eleven years over the Box Elder Stake from January, 1888, to January, 1899.

During his three years' mission in Europe President Clawson attended 681 meetings, addressed 510 congregations and traveled 58,594 miles going and coming. These figures are included in the foregoing statement.

Such a record of faithful, intelligent service is an example to the Priesthood, indeed to the whole membership of the Church. The rejuvenating, peace-begetting power of the Church for all humankind will increase in the proportion to which every member of the Church magnifies as President Clawson has

done, his assigned field of labor within the latter-day cause of the Lord.

The life and labors of President Clawson as one of the General Authorities of the Church reflects best the character of the man. He has magnified his Priesthood and calling. He is an example to all who would achieve well in life. He has been a worthy Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ. May the blessings of the Lord be multiplied upon his head.

FRONT PAGE NEWS FOR AMERICA

BELOW ARE representative newspaper clippings that have recently appeared in the press in the Eastern States Mission. Included are notices from Bradford, Pennsylvania, *Star Record*; Waltham Mas-

sachusetts, *Tribune*; New York *Sun*; Brooklyn, *Coney Island Times*; Worcester, Massachusetts, *Gazette*; Washington, D. C., *Post*; New York City, *Journal*; Washington, D. C., *Herald*; Frackville, Pennsyl-

vania, *Ledger*; New York City, *Editor and Publisher*; Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, *Record Herald*.

The clippings were sent to us by Tom Judd, former Eastern States Mission Publicity Director.

—R. L. E.

ing to Bend the Twig

MORMON SESSION HERE

Group Concludes Meeting Tonight

Members of the Latter-day Saints Church of this city concluded their annual session here tonight. The session was held at the city hall, and was attended by a large number of members of the church. The session was held at the city hall, and was attended by a large number of members of the church.

mon Church Provides Relief for Its Members

Members of the Latter-day Saints Church of this city are providing relief for their members who are in need. The church has a fund for the purpose, and is providing relief for its members who are in need. The church has a fund for the purpose, and is providing relief for its members who are in need.

Mormon To Spend

Week in Conference

President of the Latter-day Saints Church of this city is spending the week in conference. The president is spending the week in conference, and is providing relief for his members who are in need. The president is spending the week in conference, and is providing relief for his members who are in need.

Church Relief

The Church of Latter-day Saints

The Church of Latter-day Saints is providing relief for its members who are in need. The church has a fund for the purpose, and is providing relief for its members who are in need. The church has a fund for the purpose, and is providing relief for its members who are in need.

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Church Security Plan of Latter-day Saints Provides

An Entirely New System to Care for Their Needs

The Latter-day Saints Church of this city is providing a new system to care for their needs. The church has a fund for the purpose, and is providing relief for its members who are in need. The church has a fund for the purpose, and is providing relief for its members who are in need.

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Mormon Welfare Drive Cle

Needy of Sect From Relief

The Latter-day Saints Church of this city is providing relief for its members who are in need. The church has a fund for the purpose, and is providing relief for its members who are in need. The church has a fund for the purpose, and is providing relief for its members who are in need.

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Mormon Welfare Drive Cle

Needy of Sect From Relief

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ABOVE: THE THREE LIVING SONS OF PRESIDENT AND MRS. CLAWSON: HYRUM B., SAMUEL, AND LORENZO, AS THEY APPEARED IN 1911.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF MY FATHER

By SAMUEL G. CLAWSON

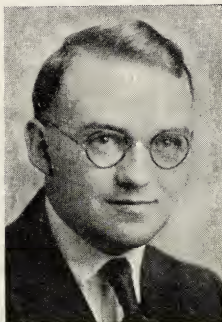
Chicago Attorney and Son of Rudger Clawson

LIFE HAS LEFT NO RESIDUE OF BITTERNESS IN HIM; IMPRESSIONS AND MEMORIES HAVE LEFT NO SCARS. HE HAS NEVER INDULGED IN SELF-PITY, NEVER TOLERATED SELF-ESTEEM. THERE IS NO ELATION WHEN HE WINS—HE EITHER WINS AND TURNS VICTORY INTO WISDOM FOR THE NEXT ENCOUNTER, ELSE HE ENDURES AND WAITS. HE NEVER LOSES, BECAUSE HE SEES TIME AS PART OF ENDLESS ETERNITY.

MY FATHER stands out in my mind as an ideal. Although the values in that ideal have shifted in their emphasis as the years have passed, the ideal itself has always represented one thing about father, and that is his courage.

It is a quiet courage as all of his gifts and his virtues are the quiet ones. Even his personality is as quiet as the twinkle in his eye. But it is not in the quietness that the courage lies, for the quietness is only one aspect of his strength; and it is not in his physical endurance which amazed me so much when I was a boy and which is still there. But it lies in another characteristic which I have never found in another man.

This other element is a dynamic thing and seems to emerge out of the sum total of all of his various aspects—out of his personality, his religion, his philosophy, his character, out of his whole attitude toward life and out of all the acts of his



THE AUTHOR, SAMUEL G. CLAWSON, SEVENTH OF RUDGER CLAWSON'S TEN CHILDREN

life. It is the way father looks at Time.

He lives and reacts to men and events as if he had lived forever and will live forever. He does not see time as most men see it; he sees it as *Eternity*. He does not live in time as it is measured by all of our various inventions and mathematical formulas. Father actually lives in *Eternity*.

That gives father strength, for it gives him all the ages past and future to measure things by. A crisis of any kind is small when measured against all events that have passed or may happen. He is unhurried. He takes his time and measures and never judges hastily.

All values to him are relative. Circumstances are self-evaluating in time and in its eternal stretch and he can view them impersonally. He sees possible good in apparent bad and virtues in things and people

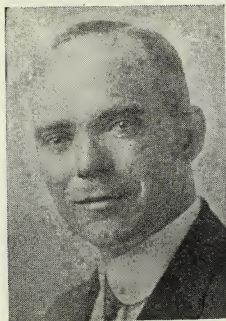
where no virtues seem to belong. He looks on seemingly important occasions and at past events quite unruffled and he can view the most trivial things with quiet dignity.

What that sort of thing can mean, what it can represent has always been exemplified to me in a certain blend in father of all of his various characteristics, and particularly a blend of mind and character. He will get hold of a principle and hold to it in the face of persecution, hardships, and long suffering. He can endure anything and will endure the most severe suffering indefinitely. Nothing can switch him from a course once he has his mind set on a goal. Father has on more than one occasion faced death for a principle. He would give his life for a principle. More than once he has walked directly into a crisis with the conviction that all possible consequences would be of equal importance. Death to him is only an event

MARGARET GAY CLAWSON BOND, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF RUDGER CLAWSON



HYRUM B. CLAWSON, ELDEST LIVING CHILD OF RUDGER CLAWSON



in his continuous eternal life. This has made him patient and courageous.

To father I think life looks like a long series of obstacles, obstacles put there to be endured or to be overcome by the force of a man's character, a force which may be strengthened by constant prayer. Over a long period of years he has



GERALDINE CLAWSON, TWO-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER OF LORENZO CLAWSON AND YOUNGEST OF RUDGER CLAWSON'S TEN GRANDCHILDREN.

arisen early in the morning to pray and face the eventualities of the day.

LIFE HAS left no residue of bitterness in him; impressions and memories have left no scars. He has never indulged in self-pity, never tolerated self-esteem. There is no elation when he wins—he either wins and turns victory into wisdom for the next encounter, else he endures and waits. He never loses.

LYDIA CLAWSON HOOPES, YOUNGEST OF RUDGER CLAWSON'S TEN CHILDREN.



HOME OF TWO OF HIRAM B. CLAWSON'S FAMILY, FORMERLY OWNED AND BUILT BY LORENZO SNOW. ON THE PORCH AT RIGHT ARE ELLEN SPENCER CLAWSON, MOTHER OF THE FIRST FAMILY; AND MARGARET GAY CLAWSON, MOTHER OF THE SECOND FAMILY, OF WHICH RUDGER IS A MEMBER. THE HOME, SINCE TORN DOWN, WAS ON SOUTH TEMPLE STREET NEAR THIRD EAST.

To analyze his qualities is not to understand him. For out of the sum total of all of them, out of the aggregate, arises a quality and charm which is more simple than any one of his characteristics. The way he looks at time—this living in eternity—pervades every act of his life. When you go to him with a problem you never come away feeling blamed. What has been right or wrong in some particular instance is never condemned but always explained against a background of a long chain of events leading up to and away from the particular problem you may have brought him. Father has never rebuked me nor felt that I was wrong—but he has often felt that I was unenlightened. He has said to me on more than one occasion, "My son, you are all in darkness."

I think Father has this feeling of

FOUR OF RUDGER CLAWSON'S DECEASED CHILDREN

Rudger R. Clawson
Vera Mary Clawson

Daniel S. Clawson
Francis M. Clawson



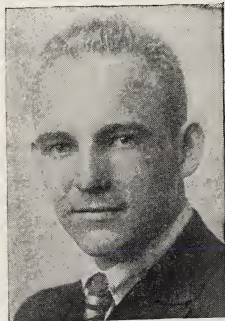
living in Eternity because he thinks and feels and lives his religion. He never talks much about it, but you cannot live around him and understand him without coming to know what his religion means, and what it means to him. It is not merely a philosophy and it is not merely a creed. It is not static; it is vital and dynamic. Religion to him is a living eternal thing and he as an integral part of it will live eternally.

When he talks of faith you have a feeling that the words inadequately express his meaning, but you un-

(Concluded on page 168)

(Note—The eldest of Rudger Clawson's ten children, Rudger Elmo Clawson, whose mother was Florence Ann Dinwoodey, is not pictured here. He died April 19, 1898, at the age of fourteen.)

LORENZO S. CLAWSON, EIGHTH OF RUDGER CLAWSON'S TEN CHILDREN.



AN EXTRAORDINARY VISITOR

By CLAUDE T. BARNES

THE STORY OF A VIGIL KEPT WITH
SOMETHING LESS THAN HUMAN.



IN a wild balsam-scented glade at the head of Wasatch canyon I had constructed a small, secure log cabin; but delightful though it had been when the hills were a rich absinthe green, nothing but a keen love of the outdoors could have led me to inhabit it alone for four weeks in the very midst of a white and cold winter. As I stood before the cabin door each evening there was nevertheless more silver in the stars, more blue in the unfathomable sky and a more invigorating purity in the chill atmosphere, than there ever was in the smoke-sullied valley below.

But it is not to explain my reasons for thus being alone near a mountain crest in the dead of winter (even though equipped with ample books and provisions) that I would for a time hold your attention, but to detail one of the most extraordinary and mysterious occurrences I have ever experienced in the wilds.

It was my custom to spend each day in the pursuit of some particular bit of information of a scientific but interesting character. I each night assembled the data obtained during the day, read a bit, and then sought the incomparable comfort of a bed softened with pine boughs.

THAT I slept soundly, ordinarily, is evidenced by the fact that neither the hoot of a snowy owl nor the jarbled yaps of a coyote ever disturbed me, though these and other wood notes were usually frequent and distinct before I retired. One night, however, I was suddenly awakened by a loud rasping or gnawing sound from the other end

of the cabin. No wood rat could ever make such a racket as that with its teeth, and as I sat up in bed I confess that I was somewhat perturbed by the knowledge that no small mammal was annoying me. The loud grating of teeth and breaking of splinters told me that a most determined animal of some kind was at work on one of the cabin logs near the corner.

As I waited with breathless interest I quickly ran through the list of all the animals with which I was familiar in the winter wilds: wolf, coyote, deer, mountain lion—surely none of these. Then as I reflected that rabid coyotes had of recent years been dangerously common and that a mad coyote like a mad dog would bite anything that it encountered, I admit that my scalp suddenly gave way to a creeping sensation. I have a healthy horror of a mad animal of any kind, for it is as irresponsible as a locomotive with a dead engineer.

The gnawing, however, was as methodical as it was powerful, and consequently my agitation gave way somewhat to a feeling of intense curiosity. While camping one summer on the upper Snake River I had one night a thrilling experience with a bear inside a board cabin; and it had even simpler be-

ginnings than this one; but more of that anon. The fact is I was this dark winter night at a total loss to explain the mysterious sounds. Now when alone in the woods I have always felt slightly more comfortable with both a revolver and a flash light beneath my pillow, in spite of the fact that aside from a couple of man-eating grizzlies in Yellowstone Park and a mad coyote or so, no animal in the American wilds has ever been known to attack a sleeping man. Once a mountain lion walked within twenty feet of where I lay sleeping on a saddle at the top of a Wasatch ridge, and I never knew it until I saw the tracks next morning. A flashlight is always convenient; but the moment I turned it on, the teeth sounds ceased, there was a single heavy scratching down the logs, and then silence.

I was greatly relieved at this, for a mad coyote would not have been stopped by any such occurrence. It was pitch dark outside save for the occasional faint grayness of the deep snow as the heavy cloud blanket lifted; hence I was not so foolhardy as to venture forth.

Though I slept intermittently the remainder of the night I was not again molested; and as soon as daylight came I went out to read the story the snow would have to tell. In this, however, I was greatly disappointed, for I had no sooner opened the door than I saw that a fall of about two inches of snow during the night had obliterated all tracks.

The log, however, was the greatest surprise. It was second from the top, the thinnest of the tier, and had been chipped and gnawed about a fifth of the way through. I was quite dumbfounded when I found spots of blood here and there about the tooth marks! What animal in all the world would gnaw a log so

MR. CLAUDE T. BARNES, prominent Utah attorney, is recognized as one of the foremost western naturalists. He is a member of several scientific societies and the author of many books and articles. His wild-life explorations have resulted in many dramatic experiences, one of the strangest and most mysterious of which is related here.

(Continued on page 169)

REFLECTIONS •

— FOUR POEMS BY A GIRL —

LAEL WOOLSEY

REFLECTION

THE girl in the mirror
Looks sad tonight—
As if she were longing
For something she could not have—
Or some one
Who did not come. . .

I wonder—
She is so much
Like me. . .



MIDNIGHT

IT is night.
Black dark is all around me.
Gray clouds are scudding across the
sky,
Forced on by the cold, relentless
wind
That has blown out the stars
And torn great holes in the clouds
it drives.



Through the holes I can see the
moon;
It is crescent-shaped—
Like a scimitar . . .

I am afraid. . .

CASTLE IN SPAIN

THERE is a dream I dream some-
times,
When I am all alone,
Of towers fashioned high and fair
With white, translucent stone,
And banners that stream lightly out
And peacocks all around
And stained glass windows in the
halls
And soft grass on the ground;

And there are gold and silver, too,
And jewels bright and rare;
And there's a fountain in the flowers
And music everywhere
While butterflies and hummingbirds
Go fluttering 'round my throne. . .

. . . It's such a lovely dream I dream
When I am all alone. . .

MOUNTAIN SWEETHEARTS

TWO lovers stood together
In a mountain forest dim;
And he was silent for love of her,
And she trembled with love for him;

And she was clad in silver-green
And he in dull green-blue;
And they sighed little murmuring
love-songs

When the mountain breeze passed
through.

Yet they stood there summer and
winter

And never spoke a line—
For she was a dainty aspen,
And he was a stately pine.

YOUNG WRITERS, ATTENTION!

DO YOU HAVE the urge to write?
Then here is a stimulus for
you. *The Improvement Era*
is in search of new, young writers
of both poetry and prose. We want
good work, which will measure fa-
vorably with that of accepted writ-
ers, and which will be worthy of
standards held for all material ap-
pearing in the *Era*.

To aid some of you in knowing
how to write, we suggest a study of
books of the technique of story and
poetry writing. In particular, we
refer you to some books which will
prove helpful: *Discovering Poetry*,
Elizabeth Drew; *The Way of the*

Makers, Marguerite Wilkinson; *Be-
coming a Writer*, Dorothea Brande;
Writing of Fiction, Edith Wharton;
Writing the Short Story, J. Berg
Esenwein; *Short Story Writing*,
Walter Pitkin; *The Only Two
Ways To Write a Story*, Gallishaw.

The rules are not difficult to fol-
low but they must be adhered to:

1. The name, age, and address
of each entrant must be typed in the
upper left hand corner.

2. The manuscript must be type-
written on one side only of regula-
tion size typing paper, the original
copy of which must be submitted.

3. The accepted stories will be
paid for upon publication at the

usual rate of 1/2c a word; the ac-
cepted poems upon publication at
12 1/2c a line. Poems should not ex-
ceed twenty-five lines in length.

4. Judgment upon the worthiness
of the contributions rests wholly
with the judges, and their decision
is final. No correspondence can be
entered into concerning any stories
or poems submitted, although a check
list will give reasons for rejection.

Young Writers: Sharpen those
pencils and those wits, and get to
work. Remember that nothing
worthwhile was achieved without
effort—and that writing is one of
the hardest and yet the most satis-
fying of taskmasters.

WHEN BOX ELDER "IMPORTED" RUDGER CLAWSON



THE HOME ACQUIRED BY PRESIDENT RUDGER CLAWSON IN BRIGHAM CITY

By S. NORMAN LEE

*Former Associate Editor of the
Millennial Star and Former President
of Box Elder Stake.*

WITHOUT FRIENDS, WITHOUT INCOME, WITHOUT A HOME, RUDGER CLAWSON WAS CALLED BY PRESIDENT WILFORD WOODRUFF TO GO TO BOX ELDER AS PRESIDENT OF THE STAKE, WHICH HE DID WITH THESE RESULTS—

RUDGER CLAWSON was set apart to preside over Box Elder Stake on February 5, 1888, and served in that capacity until October 10, 1898, when he was ordained an Apostle.

Oliver G. Snow was appointed president when Box Elder Stake was organized by President Brigham Young on August 19, 1877, but on July 31, 1887, he resigned and the burden of carrying on rested upon his counselors.

President Lorenzo Snow, then an Apostle resident in Brigham City, who had guided the destinies of the stake in an advisory capacity, had become well and favorably acquainted with Rudger Clawson, who was then about thirty years of age, and was impressed that he would be excellent material to fill the vacancy in Box Elder. Accordingly he sent for Brother Clawson under direction of President Wilford Woodruff to come to Brigham City for this express purpose.

The appointment was not altogether popular; some of the prominent members of the stake thought there was plenty of local material and it did not set just right with them to have a "foreigner" brought in. President Clawson has told the writer a number of times that he did not feel too comfortable about it himself, but his convictions of what constituted loyalty to the Church and obedience to authority left him

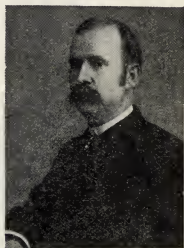
only one course—to come and do as he was told.

The stake had been without a head for over six months and naturally was more or less disorganized. Setting things in order, therefore, was the most immediate need. It became apparent that President Snow's judgment was good because President Clawson began in his methodical and thorough manner, to organize from top to bottom.

When he was set apart no counselors were chosen. He did not know the men he was to work with well enough to make a selection at once, but on April 9, 1888, Adolphus Madsen and Charles Kelly were selected and sustained as counselors.

A survey of the physical features of Box Elder Stake shows that the era February 5, 1888 to October 10, 1898, was one of energetic work and advancement. In this respect the record has not been even remotely approached since that time; neither was there anything comparable to it before that time.

For instance, of the wards then, and now, in Box Elder Stake where chapels were built, the historical record discloses the following: Brigham Second Ward, 1890; Fourth Ward, 1893; Sixth Ward (then First Ward), 1894; Mantua, 1892; Harper, 1892; Honeyville, 1895. The Perry Chapel was built at this time, but not dedicated until 1899. There were eleven wards in the area now



RUDGER CLAWSON AT ABOUT AGE THIRTY-FIVE WHEN HE WAS STILL LIVING IN BRIGHAM CITY.

comprising Box Elder Stake and the chapels in seven of them were built during President Clawson's administration.

The rebuilding of the Box Elder Stake Tabernacle which burned down January 6, 1896, is the most outstanding work of the kind undertaken during his time as president. A note culled from the stake historical record reads as follows: "February 1, 1896. Decision was made at Priesthood meeting to rebuild the Tabernacle." Everyone present was deeply impressed by the determination of the president to undertake the work immediately, and with the manner in which he set about collecting funds. The Church was not quite so liberal in those days in matching local contributions for building purposes, but President Clawson "knew his way about." He not only set the pace and urged the Saints in the stake to cooperate, but he gave many of his friends elsewhere in Utah, and



BOX ELDER COUNTY COURTHOUSE, BRIGHAM CITY, AS IT APPEARED WHEN PRESIDENT CLAWSON WORKED THERE.

especially in Salt Lake City, an opportunity to do themselves the honor of contributing. On March 21, 1897, just a little over a year after the fire, the new Tabernacle was dedicated.

President Clawson himself regards this matter as one of his cherished memories. It brought him closer to the people of the stake than almost any other one thing of a temporal nature. He is wont to dwell upon the matter as evidence of unity of spirit in the stake rather than as a mere contribution of funds. The building itself is a very fine monument, one that invites the attention and inquiry of travelers.

Aside from his work in the ministry, President Clawson presented an interesting personality. He had been persecuted for years because of his religious convictions and had no opportunity to accumulate any of this world's goods. He had no home when he came to Brigham City but managed to acquire the old Josephson residence on the northeast corner of Main and Second North Streets which he renovated and remodeled.

He did not even have employment so there was added to his problem the necessity of finding something to do to support his young growing family. He was well equipped by education and training to do a number of things, but in this sparsely settled community his talents did not find a ready market. He was an expert bookkeeper and accountant but he could have served all the business there was in the stake without overtaxing his powers. It is evident that he was uncommonly resourceful because he not only paid for his home during his presidency but supported his family in comfort.

His son Rudger R., was born previous to the arrival of the family in Brigham City. But six of his ten children, Hyrum B., Margaret Gay, Daniel Spencer, Vera Mary, Samuel George, and Lorenzo Snow Clawson, were born in Brigham City, and Daniel Spencer and Vera Mary died there. So the President's family ties are intimately associated with Box Elder.

The part that wives play in these matters seldom comes before the public eye but their mission is vital nevertheless. The hero of the play would make but a sorry showing if he didn't have a strong supporting cast. If a man makes a good record there is always a good woman in the background. Applying this rule, Sister Clawson comes in for her full measure of praise. In many cases the role played by the wife is more heroic than that of the leading man. Sister Clawson has stood by the President in times of trial and hardship with unwavering loyalty. She has been an helpmeet in the full and true sense of the term, a fact upon which President Clawson discourses with ever increasing frequency—and fervency.

AMONG THE things that President Clawson obtained in the way of employment was the abstracting of the records in the local County Recorder's office. Up to the time he obtained the commission to do this

work, the instruments presented had been recorded in the ordinary record books and indexed but no abstract records had been kept. He worked on these records for three years until they were entirely completed. Box Elder records were made vastly more important than they would otherwise have been by the fact that the Central Pacific Railroad Company built its main line in 1869 through this territory. Grants of land were made by the Federal government to the railroad and in Box Elder County, this grant comprised every odd numbered section within twenty miles on each side of the right-of-way. The thoroughness with which this work was done is well attested by the fact that no corrections have ever been deemed necessary or advisable.

President Clawson also made some abstracts on his own account as a licensed abstractor. The writer has handled quite a number of these abstracts and was early impressed with their conciseness and comprehensiveness; so much so that the transactions involving the railroad titles especially have been printed and are used even at this time in all abstracts.

Also, the President taught bookkeeping, for two seasons at least.
(Concluded on page 166)

BOX ELDER STAKE TABERNACLE, BRIGHAM CITY, UTAH, AS REBUILT DURING THE ADMINISTRATION OF PRESIDENT RUDGER CLAWSON.



SEALS' THUNDER

By JOHN
SCOTT
DOUGLAS

A STORY OF BARRIERS—
PHYSICAL BARRIERS
THAT MELTED AWAY WITH THE
SPRING—AND THE BARRIERS
THAT RISE BETWEEN FATHER
AND SON.

THE FAINT feeling of discontent which had been growing in Kenneth Lowry's heart since he had left the main road at Milltown suddenly deepened as the door of the familiar log-cabin opened, and a rugged figure was momentarily silhouetted against the oblong of yellow light. Absurd he should feel like this! But the fact remained that Kenneth's affection for his older brother and his father shrank in their presence as if it had been struck by an icy blast of wind.

Raymond raised his lantern high as Kenneth drove the last few yards along the muddy road. His stern face was thrown into sharp contrasts; his eyes were two pools of shadow, his mouth an unyielding line, and his chin as strong and stubborn as a bulldog's.

"Hello, Ray," Kenneth called with attempted cheerfulness.

"Thought it was the doctor," Raymond said dryly.

Kenneth carried his bag into the barren living room. To the younger man, it seemed to typify the two men inhabiting the cabin. It totally lacked warmth. The nostalgia which always attacked him in his own home caused an inward stir of rebellion. He fought it down.

"Where's Dad?" Kenneth asked with a smile.

"Asleep just this minute," Raymond said curtly. "I'm afraid it's pneumonia. When I heard your car, I thought it was the doctor."

Kenneth's heart checked. "Pneumonia! Is that why you sent for me?"

Raymond shook his head. "It was about—money. Thought you ought to know how things stand. Couldn't get Dad to say anything to you."

"Money?" Kenneth smiled slightly. "You must be joking, Ray. Why, Dad's rich!"



"DON'T!" RAYMOND CRIED, HIS VOICE STRANGELY ALTERED BY AIR PRESSURE. "MY LINE AND AIR-HOSE ARE SNAGGED ON A STUMP. I'LL GET 'EM CLEAR IN A MINUTE. IF I DON'T FREEZE FIRST."

The sharp planes of Raymond's face seemed to be chiseled from brown marble as he listened to the labored breathing in the next room. "No," he said, after a pause. "I'm not joking. Dad has lost almost everything. But he wouldn't let me tell you. You were always his favorite son, you know. He wanted you to get your engineering degree from college. But he can't manage it, even with better lumber prices this year."

"But I saw a lot of logs in the lake as I drove along," Kenneth said.

Raymond nodded. "They were what Dad counted on. But it would cost more than they'd bring, almost, to get them to the mill by truck."

"Why by truck? Dad has always sent his logs down the river."

"Yes, but he can't this year. Something's happened to the lake that no one can understand. It's dropped, and yet we can't find any other outlet. Dad believes there's an underground river formed somewhere."

"That's possible. Can't you find it, Ray?"

"No. That's how Dad got pneumonia, if that's what he has. He's been out every day from dawn to dark, trying to find that new outlet, because, unless it's closed, the lake won't flow into the Quinahoe

River." Raymond smiled grimly. "If the river won't flow, we can't get our logs down to the mill. So Dad's been out in snow, sleet, and rain, day after day, and this morning he went out with a fever. He was determined to get those logs through, on account of you—"

"On account of me?" Kenneth asked in amazement. "The only thing Dad asks of me is that I keep out of his sight."

Raymond's jaw hardened. "You think so?"

KENNETH arose, his blue eyes troubled. "Oh, I know it's a hard thing to say, Ray. But I'm trying to face facts. He's never said a kind thing to me in his life."

"He's like me," said Raymond. "Not much for talk."

"It isn't just talk!" Kenneth cried. "I never feel that either of you has any affection for me. You both seem so cold that I just seem to freeze up when I'm with you. Perhaps it's my fault—"

Raymond stiffened. "It's hard for Dad and me—" He coughed and averted his eyes. "Ken, it isn't that we don't like you. It isn't that Dad's cold. Why, there isn't a man within ten miles that wouldn't lay down his life for Dad. That's where his money's gone. He kept running logs, even when it cost him a small fortune to do it—so his former employees could eat! And he's never entirely closed down once. And you talk about his being cold! He can do things for people, but he can't talk about it."

Kenneth felt stunned. He had always thought of his father as a man living in frozen aloofness, apart from the rest of the world. He had fought his way up alone, and he had seemed to draw into himself even more after his wife had died. Kenneth had never felt that the slightest sympathy or understanding existed in this cold, inarticulate old man.

That his father was loved by others was something new to Kenneth. And yet, looking back with suddenly opened eyes, he could remember hundreds of little acts of

(Continued on page 168)

A MATTER OF HISTORY

By LE ROI C. SNOW
Of the Church Historian's Office

A LITTLE known occurrence in Church history is recalled in the following statement made by President Rudger Clawson, June 18, 1935:

"After the Sunday morning meeting of the General Conference, October 6, 1901, I called at the Bee-Hive House to inquire after President Lorenzo Snow's condition, as he had not been able to attend any of the conference sessions, up to that time.

"As I went into President Snow's room he said: 'Brother Rudger, I am a sick man. I should not go to the meeting this afternoon, but I have some important business to present to the conference and I feel that I must go. I need another Counselor in the First Presidency and I feel impressed that it should not be put off any longer. I have chosen you to be my Second Counselor.'

"In astonishment I replied: 'Why, President Snow, this is like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. I am greatly surprised. There are others of the Twelve Apostles who are much older than I am, who have had a great deal more experience and are better qualified for this responsible position. If I am chosen I fear it may create some jealousy or perhaps dissatisfaction.'

"It is not only that I have chosen you,' President Snow said, 'but it is also the will of the Lord. So, go now and have your lunch and then come back and ride with me in my carriage to the Tabernacle.' This I did.

"After President Snow had finished speaking to the people he turned to President Joseph F. Smith, saying: 'Brother Joseph, please present the names of the General Authorities for the vote of the congregation. Present your own name as my First Counselor and Brother Rudger Clawson as my Second Counselor.' This was done and all the names were sustained unanimously by the conference.

"(Signed) Rudger Clawson."

The following are the words of President Lorenzo Snow spoken at the Sunday afternoon session of the General Conference, October 6, 1901:

"I have had only one Counselor since President Cannon died. I have chosen another Counselor. I have sought the guidance of the Lord in the matter, and the Lord has directed the choice. I have chosen a strong, energetic man, and I think he will be a great help to myself and President Smith: I hope therefore you will sustain him. God bless you all. (Deseret News, October 7, 1901.)

These were the last words uttered publicly by President Snow before his death, which occurred October 10, 1901, four days later.



COMPOSITE PICTURE OF FIRST PRESIDENCY DURING THE DAYS REFERRED TO IN THIS ARTICLE.

Office of
General Superintendency
Young Men's
Mutual Improvement Associations
of the Latter-day Saints
214-215 TEMPLETON BUILDING.
TELEPHONE 610.

OFFICERS:
Lorenzo Snow, General Supt.
Joseph F. Smith,
Arthur J. Grant, Assistants.
B. H. Roberts.
Thomas Hall, Secretary and Treasurer.
Bram Sturgeon, Music Director.
Harold S. Briggs, Asst. Music Director.
AIDS:
Frankie M. Larnes
John Henry Smith
Melville F. Cowley
Abraham O. Woodruff
C. Gardner
Julius F. Wells
William F. Hasty
Edwin F. Hasty
Geo. H. Remond
Edw. H. Anderson
Douglas M. Todd
Harvey S. Turner
Noble L. Morley
Willard Dowd
Le Roy C. Snow
Frank V. Taylor
Barker Chapman
John W. Wells
Edw. W. McMurda
Ben. Woodard
Brent S. Huskney
Almon W. Taylor
B. P. Grant

Salt Lake City, Utah, Oct. 9, 1901.

TO PRESIDENTS OF STAKES, BISHOPS OF WARDS,
AND STAKE AND WARD OFFICERS OF YOUNG MEN'S
MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATIONS,

Dear Brethren:

Elder Joseph Facer has been duly called, set apart and appointed as a missionary to labor among the young men of Zion, and is fully authorized and equipped to engage in that work. We desire that Stake Presidents and Bishops of Wards will give him their entire and hearty support and influence in making his mission a perfect success.

He comes to your Stake with full authority in this mission and we expect the Stake Superintendents to go with him, or send with him one of their counselors or aids, to visit all the Associations, and also see that arrangements are made for his entertainment in the various wards and for his transportation from place to place.

Your brethren,

Lorenzo Snow
Jos. F. Smith
Rudger Clawson
FIRST PRESIDENCY

Note—Owing to the death of President Lorenzo Snow the day after October 9, 1901, the foregoing photostatic copy of a circular letter was the one and only official document sent out to the Church by the said presidency.

By LIDA H.
HAGGARTY

IT IS EXCITING to land in Hawaii; to be met by gay crowds at the dock in Honolulu and decorated with fragrant leis; to be whisked through garden-lined streets, hedged with flowers and overhung by courtesying palms.

Aloha is printed in great letters overhead; the strains of *Aloha* from serenading bands follow one through the streets; *Aloha*, the sweetest word in Hawaiian, comes from lips everywhere. *Aloha*, meaning, "I greet you, you are welcome, I give you my heart."

It is thrilling to be a *malihini* (new comer) in Hawaii. For a moment one closes his eyes just to breathe more deeply the perfumed air of enchantment and to surrender

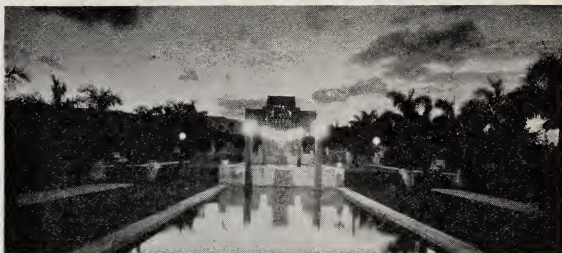


KALIHU WARD CHAPEL, OAHU STAKE.

himself to a sort of "Seventh Heaven" in this "Paradise of the Pacific."

Langorous, lovely isles of the southern sea! Land of rainbows and blue skies! Land of opalescent waters and flashing reefs! Land of tropical moon and luminous nights! Land of Pele and legend!

Ukeleles, hula dances, grass skirts, leis, sugar cane, pineapple are realities, for us now. This is the heralded Hawaii, the Hawaii of song and story. But I want to show you Hawaii in a focus different from the usual picture that is given to the world. The real significance of all this is not just hulas and grass skirts and ukeleles; neither is it pineapple and sugar cane and what not. These are Hawaiian economic and commercial factors, largely and artificially stimulated for the sake of



HAWAIIAN TEMPLE AT NIGHT.

HAWAII .. THE HOPE

IN THIS BEAUTY SPOT OF JUMBLED RACES
I THE GOSPEL HAS TAKEN VIRILE ROOT.
PERHAPS THERE IS SOMETHING TO LEARN—

sian-Hawaiian, Asiatic-Hawaiian, Spanish, with soldiers and sailors everywhere.

"An interracial experiment station," said a certain Reverend in the crowd. "Hawaii is one of the two absolutely outstanding places in the world where East and West have met and mingled. The other? Constantinople! But what a contrast! The Straits of the Bosphorus have been the despair of the world. Hawaii may be the hope."

Hawaii may be the hope.

The idea clung, and in our Latter-day Saint Sunday School the following morning I saw a vision of a tremendous phenomenon—miraculous almost—going on before the world in the most natural, quiet, and unobtrusive way.

It was Fast Day in the First Ward, (first and oldest in Hawaii) on Kalihi Road. It is a comely chapel, with so much of the Latter-day Saint atmosphere about it that even in its tropical setting it could be recognized intuitively.

There were but few *haloes* (white people) in the congregation. But what a welcome! What spirit! What appreciation for the Saints from home! And what a wholesome appetite for truth.

ELDER STEWART A. DURRANT, secretary of the mission, (whose service here to the Church is one of consecration) informs me that Oahu Stake leads the entire Church

tourist trade and profit. But beneath them all, profound as the sea beneath its foam, lies the real meaning of Hawaii—the human meaning.

If one could but look upon the human tide as it flows through the streets of Honolulu, he would understand what a sinister mixture of Oriental eyes! What a combination of faces, white and brown: Japanese, Chinese, Korean, Filipino, Porto Rican, Portuguese, Hawaiian, Cauca-

LIDA HARMER HAGGARTY, a Latter-day Saint who several years ago was associated with the Church Board of Education under Dr. Adam S. Bennion, has made her home in such various parts of the world as China, Japan, the Philippines, Panama, and Hawaii. In these lands, she has received first-hand impressions of the great missionary work of our Church.



GEORGE ALBERT SMITH AT LATTER-DAY SAINT JAPANESE SUNDAY SCHOOL, HONOLULU, NOVEMBER 22, 1936, WHICH HE ATTENDED WITH STAKE PRESIDENT RALPH E. WOOLLEY.

in Priesthood activities and that this First Ward on Kalihi leads Oahu Stake.

There must have been more than a hundred of these brethren, who hold the Priesthood, alert, sincere, humble as children, and positively hungry for the Gospel.

What a surprise it is to note the racial make-up of the group. Predominating, naturally, were Hawaiians. There were also a number of Samoans, Filipinos, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese. There were some Latter-day Saints from the States. There were some soldiers and sailors (mostly converts made here.)

There was no common language except their common testimony. Each spoke for the most part in his own native tongue, which was translated when necessary.

It was indeed a moving experience: children of the Promise, sons of Lehi, many of them, in the day of their restoration, away out here on this fragment of America, fulfilling the prophecies of old. Even a glimpse of the magnitude of the

mission of the Gospel is overwhelming. It has such power to lift the heart and bow the head.

When I lived in China and Japan, I used to wonder unceasingly about those people. I was worried about our mission being closed to Japan. I knew there must be some little of Israel's blood among the Japanese because President Brigham Young had said there was a little in every nation upon the face of the earth. But to gather it out from such a chaos! When among the Filipinos, how I used to long for an organization of the Church there.

Now here in Hawaii there is a stake of the Church and even a temple. And what do we find? Filipinos, Chinese, Japanese, "One of a city and two of a family," in God's own wonderful way and time, embracing the Gospel under the American flag. These Hawaiian-born Orientals are not growing up as Buddhists. I know this by actual statistics. They are growing up as Christians and I've seen many of them in our congregations here. Who knows how instrumental they may be in the economy of God, as-

KALIHI WARD SUNDAY SCHOOL COMPOSED FOR THE MOST PART OF NATIVES. THE AUTHOR IS SHOWN IN THE REAR CENTER, LEFT OF THE PILLAR.



sisting in the latter-day work among their own people? And who but our Father in Heaven knows the exact nature and possibilities of this interesting program?

So perhaps the Reverend was right. Hawaii may be the hope.

JULY 11, 1936, was a red-letter day in the history of these islands. They celebrated a dual occasion, the bi-centennial for King Kamehameha I, and the centennial for King Kalakaua.

The Hawaiians were in all their glory that day—a two hour parade in the morning, a rousing regatta in the afternoon, a stupendous broadcast at 4 p.m. (Hawaiian time), and at night a water pageant on the Ala Wai Canal followed by a *luau* (native feast).

Each island brought its gifts and its entertainment to the throne of the queen. (A real queen of the line of Kapiolauni.)

There were forty-two units in the parade. Each island displayed itself in its official colors, and behind the principal float of each, which in every case was a real creation, rode the princesses of that island on blooded steeds. They rode superbly too, in long satin robes of Grecian type, some purple, some blue, some pink, some golden, some crimson. Such blare of trumpets, such rolling of drums! Such color and pageantry.

In the line came a unit afoot. No band heralded its approach. It presented no glamour. It produced no special show. Just a group of fine-looking people. They were quiet, contained, pleasant, gracious with an unmistakable air of reverence about them. They had been brought together from all over the world. Their faces showed that. To the

(Concluded on page 168)

WITH PRESIDENT CLAWSON IN EUROPE

ELDER RUDGER CLAWSON was called to preside over the European Mission April 7, 1910, succeeding President Charles W. Penrose in that office. Elder Clawson left Salt Lake City accompanied by his wife and children May 17, of that year, and arrived in Liverpool June 4th. Seven days later, upon the departure of President Penrose, he assumed full charge of the European Mission.

At that time the European Mission comprised the British, Scandinavian, Swedish, Netherlands, Swiss and German, and South African missions, all of which were under the general jurisdiction of President Clawson. Of these the British Mission was under his direct and particular jurisdiction since he was the recognized president of that mission, as well as being the editor of the *Millennial Star*, the official organ of the British Mission. The outstanding success with which President Clawson administered the affairs of the European Mission during his incumbency, is typical of the sterling qualities of the man and his forthright efficient manner of handling administrative problems.

The scope of this article necessarily precludes a detailed enumeration of the many splendid things undertaken and accomplished during President Clawson's tenure of office as President of the European Mission; a few of the more outstanding incidents and accomplishments should, however, be mentioned.

A significant and far-reaching administrative change was made by President Clawson in the management of the office of the British Mission and the Liverpool office which was concerned largely with immigration matters. The business affairs of these two offices had been intermingled in such a way as to result in considerable confusion. President Clawson considered it imperative to effect a separation of these two important branches of the work and accordingly inaugurated a system whereby the business and accounts of the British Mission were divorced entirely from those of the

By HUGH IRELAND

Former Associate Editor of the Millennial Star and Former Editor of the Liahona

FROM THE JOURNAL OF RUDGER CLAWSON AND FROM THE PERSONAL OBSERVATIONS OF THE AUTHOR HAS COME THIS BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THOSE EVENTFUL YEARS IN THE BRITISH MISSION, 1910 TO 1913, WHEN THE CHURCH PROSPERED IN THE FACE OF MISSIONARY MOBBINGS AND VIOLENT OPPOSITION.

Liverpool office. The work was well and thoroughly done to the great satisfaction of the First Presidency and Presiding Bishopric.

To expedite the conduct of the actual missionary work in the British Mission and to establish and preserve uniformity throughout the mission, President Clawson compiled a "Book of Instructions," a copy of which was sent to each of the thirteen conference presidents of the mission. The purpose of this "Book of Instructions" was to obviate the necessity of republishing instructions from time to time for the benefit of newly installed conference presidents and incoming Elders. That the book accomplished its purpose was evidenced by the warm expressions of commendation received from the conference presidents to whom a copy of the book was sent.

Of particular and lasting significance was the recommendation of President Clawson to the First Presidency of the Church that a new mission be created in Europe. The recommendation was made in a letter dated July 31, 1912, in which President Clawson set forth with admirable clarity his proposal and reasons, therefor. I quote briefly from the letter.

After due consideration, I do not hesitate making the following recommendation: that the branches of the Church in the French part of the Swiss and German Mission and in the Netherlands Mission be joined together and organized into what would be known as the French Mission. There are a number of good reasons for this change

which, doubtless, if you have given the matter any thought, have already occurred to you. A Dutch speaking president, or a German speaking president, is always at more or less of a disadvantage in visiting, preaching, and counseling in the French part of their mission. If they do not speak in the language of the country there is a lack of interest and sympathy between them and their flock. They cannot easily get into the hearts of the people.

The wisdom of this proposed change was recognized by the First Presidency and the recommendation was accordingly approved. To effect the actual organization of the mission, President Clawson called together a conference of the French-speaking Elders of the European Mission, to convene in Paris, France, October 15, 1912, at which time and place the French Mission was organized and launched upon its course.

DURING THE nearly three years that elapsed between June, 1910, and April, 1913, the time covered by the administration of President Clawson, as president of the European Mission, many stirring events occurred in connection with the missionary work of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the British Mission. The success that had been gained throughout the mission, as a result of the labors of the Elders, led some of the ministers of other churches to look with apprehension at the success gained by the Mormon missionaries, and to decide that something must be done to arrest the progress of a missionary movement that was causing

them to lose some who had been faithful members of their congregations and who had become converted to the restored Gospel teachings.

In an effort to stem the progress of Mormonism an anti-Mormon crusade was launched for the purpose of checking the missionary work of the Church. An anti-Mormon demonstration was held in the Holborn Hall, London, April 28, 1911, another in the Hope Hall, Liverpool, and a number of minor ones in various English cities.

Scenes of violence and mobocracy were enacted at Birkenhead, Bootle, Heywood, Sunderland, Seaton Hurst, Nuneaton, Birmingham, Bristol, London, and Ipswich. The Elders in most of these places were subjected to gross insults and in some instances to personal assaults, from which they suffered more or less personal injury. Indeed, Elder Albert Smith, a traveling Elder in the Birmingham conference, on leaving a meeting of the Nuneaton branch in May, 1912, was literally covered with tar and feathers. President Clawson himself was mobbed in Bristol on November 17, 1912.

Speaking at an anti-Mormon meeting, Bishop Wellton, Dean of Manchester (Episcopal Church), said: "I think the Mormon propaganda ought to be put down in England. If the law is not strong enough to put it down, it ought to be reinforced."

Rev. Father Bernard Vaughan from his pulpit declared: "The Mormons should be taken by the scruff of the neck, rushed across our island, and dropped into the sea."

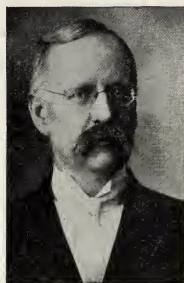
In this crisis, Mr. W. T. Stead,* editor of the *Review of Reviews* (England), came to the defense of the missionaries and wrote as follows to the *London Daily Express*, which communication, because of the prominence and influence of Mr. Stead, was published:

The whole so-called crusade is an out-break of sectarian savagery worked up by journalists, who in their zest for sensation appear to be quite indifferent to the fact that the only permanent result of their exploit will be to advertise and to spread the Mormon faith among the masses, who love fair play, and who hate religious persecution none the less because it is based upon a lie.

AT THIS time in compliance with demands made by leading clergymen and other influential the British Home Secretary, Winston Churchill, directed that a nation-

wide survey of the activities of the Mormon missionaries be made. However, when pressed as to what action the British government intended to take against the Mormon missionaries, he replied: "I have not so far discovered any grounds for legislation in the matter."

It was well that at that time the European Mission and especially the British Mission had for its president a man experienced in mission-



A PICTURE TAKEN WHILE RUDGER CLAWSON WAS PRESIDING OVER THE EUROPEAN MISSION.

ary work, who knew well the influences that were arrayed against the work of the Lord, and the best way to meet them.

President Clawson, who in his early manhood encountered opposition in his missionary experiences, compared with which these sporadic outbursts were as trifles, manifested no alarm over the successive waves of opposition, feeling confident that the proverbially sound judgment and sense of justice of the English people would in time assert themselves and accord to the Mormon missionaries the right of fair play and free speech to which they were entitled.

But as mobbings and persecution increased, an important question forced itself on President Clawson and the missionaries alike. As demand after demand came that the Elders leave certain places, and mobbings became a matter of frequent occurrence, the question arose: how were these seemingly intolerable conditions to be met? In some places it appeared to be well nigh impossible to carry on. Yet it was fully realized that to yield in any instance to the demands of the mobbers, and leave the town or place where they were laboring, would be to strengthen the position of those who were opposing them,

and lead them to believe that if only sufficient pressure were brought to bear the Mormon missionaries could be driven out of the country.

Moreover, as the missionaries were breaking no law, they were entitled to the protection of the police and the courts of the land. Besides, the Elders had a high and important calling, to testify of the restoration of the true Gospel of Christ to the earth, on obedience to which the temporal and eternal salvation of the people of the world depended. Realizing also that as there were people who were hungering to hear their message, after due consideration, it was decided that there must be no thought of surrender. Assured as they were of the divine origin of the cause they represented and of their divine calling, they would continue to "hold the fort" in every place where their labors had called them.

So, undisturbed by opposition and mobbings, the missionaries continued to proclaim the restored Gospel message, converts continued to be made, and the work of the Lord progressed in the British Mission.

During the crusade President Clawson wrote many able and fearless editorials for the *Millennial Star* in reply to the false charges that were being circulated by leading newspapers, by clergymen and other prominent anti-Mormons. He also made clear the truth regarding the work of the missionaries, and the message they had for the nations of the earth.

As a rule, when the facts were thus placed before the people in their true light, opposition gradually died out, and the missionaries were allowed to proceed with their work without hindrance.

Notwithstanding the adverse and trying conditions noted, the work of the Lord prospered exceedingly during the nearly three years of Elder Clawson's presidency of the European Mission. From January 1, 1910, to April 15, 1913, there were distributed in the British Mission alone 10,686,116 tracts, 212,813 books, and 1,470 persons were added to the Church by baptism; while in other parts of the European Mission during the same time there were at least 7,054,715 tracts and 482,203 books distributed, and 3,896 persons baptized, making in the aggregate about 17,740,831 tracts and 695,016 books distributed, and 5,366 persons baptized.

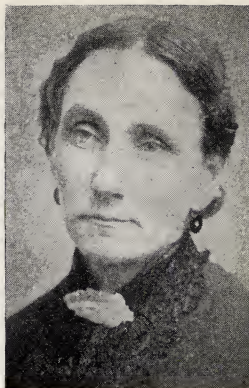
(Concluded on page 167)

*After the death of Mr. Wm. Thomas Stead President Clawson vicariously did temple work for him and had it done also for Mrs. Stead.

THE JOURNAL OF ARCHER WALTERS

PART VII

THE self-told story of a man who with his wife and five minor children, left home and country and comfort to cast his lot with those who, in the mid-nineteenth century were sacrificing all material considerations and even life itself for their testimonies of Gospel truth.



SARAH ANN WALTERS CLAYTON,
DAUGHTER OF ARCHER WALTERS.



HENRY A. WALTERS, SON OF
ARCHER WALTERS.

AUGUST, 1856

1ST

Traveled 16 miles and camped at Prairie Creek.

2ND

Crossed over two creeks,—forded them. Stopped dinner. Camped by Wood River. We saw many buffalo. Traveled about 18 miles.

3RD

Rested but mended handcart. Got shell fish out of the creek for we was very hungry. Only $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs. of flour; $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of sugar; a few apples.

4TH

Traveled 18 miles. Camped by Platte River.

HARRIET WALTERS, DAUGHTER OF
ARCHER WALTERS.



5TH

Traveled 16 miles.

6TH

Saw thousands of buffalo. Four was killed. So thick together that they covered four miles at once. Camped by Buffalo Creek. Traveled 10 miles.

7TH

Thousands of buffalo. Traveled 25 miles. Camped late at night. Had to dig for water and it was very thick. Our hungry appetites satisfied by the buffalo. Got up soon to repair handcart.

8TH

Rose soon to repair carts. Traveled about 15 miles. Camped by the side of Platte River. Repaired handcart. Harriet getting around nicely and I feel thankful. My wife very ill-tempered at times. An old brother lost named Sanderson. Many went in all directions but could not find him.

9TH

Found the old Brother Sanderson on a hill about 6 o'clock. Brought him into camp on a mule. Traveled about 15 miles after repairing handcart until 12 o'clock.

10TH

Traveled 14 miles. All or most of the people bad with the diarrhea or purging,—whether it was the buffalo or the muddy river water.

11TH

Traveled about 17 miles. Four men sent to shoot buffalo. Harriet much better; very weak myself. I expect it is the short rations: three-

27TH

The next morning, Sunday 27th, 1856, four miles west of Luke Fort Ferry. Rose about 4 o'clock. Put a new axle tree to a cart that was broke yesterday. Traveled about 2 miles to a better camping ground.

28TH

Traveled about 18 miles. Harriet much better; for such we feel thankful.

29TH

Traveled about 15 miles. Met a company coming from California. A child born in camp. Sister Doney. My birthday.

30TH

Traveled 22 miles.

31ST

Traveled 18 miles. Heavy thunderstorm.



THE PIONEER HOME OF WILLIAM CLAYTON AND SARAH WALTERS CLAYTON. IN THE DOORWAY, VICKIE, LUCY, AND MOTHER SARAH W. CLAYTON. THE ORIGINAL PICKET FENCE AND LILAC BUSHES ARE NOW GONE, BUT THE HOME REMAINS AT 144 WEST NORTH TEMPLE STREET.

fours lb. of flour per day. It is but little but it is as much as the oxen teams that we have could draw from Florence. Forded over two creeks. Met a man coming from California by himself; going to the states. One of our cows died. Buffalo killed.

12TH

Rested while some of the brethren with Captain Ellsworth went and shot two more buffalo and we dried the meat.

13TH

Traveled 12 miles. Forded a large creek.

14TH

Traveled 18 miles; crossed three creeks. Last herd of buffalo seen.

15TH

Forded over five creeks; camped at Snake Creek. Traveled 19 miles; from Florence 352 miles. Harriet much better and walked all the way.

16TH

Forded over 5 or 6 creeks. Traveled 17 miles. Camped by Wolf Creek.

17TH

Crossed over some creeks. Camped over the Platte River. Traveled 12 miles. Brother Missel Rossin. Italian, found dead by the side of the road.

18TH

Traveled 20 miles. Camped by the Platte River.

MY MOTHER AT THE GATE

By VICTORIA
CLAYTON
McCUNE

I KNEW she would be there waiting
For me as I came home each day,
She stood with her hand on the picket
Her face lovingly turned my way.

I knew she would give me a greeting
As my footsteps nearer home drew,
Her smile was already there for me
Such a smile only Mother love knew.

Her gentle blue eyes were upon me
"Oh here you are," she would say,
Could I but hear that dear greeting
Once more I'd be happy for aye.

Not yet; but some day she'll be
standing
By a gate much fairer to see,
With her hand on the golden picket
She'll be waiting, yes, waiting for me.

19TH

Traveled 19 miles. Camped by the Platte River. A nice camping ground. Buffalo chips to burn.

20TH

Traveled 19 miles. Camped by River Platte.

21ST

Traveled 18 miles. Camped 4 miles past Chimney Rock, Platte River. Sandy road the last 3 or 4 days.

22ND

Good road. Traveled 24 miles. Camped by Platte River.

23RD

Traveled 16 miles. Camped by Platte River. Harriet getting well, thank God, and not been in the wagons to ride. Our allowance of flour tonight was 1 lb. a head. For this I was thankful for I never was so hungry in my life. Captain Ellsworth shot a cow. Very thankfully received.

24TH

Rested from travels but had to repair handcars, meeting at night. Received the Sacrament. Spoke at the meeting. Brother Ellsworth spoke some time and said we had made great improvement. That last week there had been less quarreling and those that had robbed the handcars, or wagons, unless they repent their flesh would rot from their bones and go to Hell.

25TH

Traveled about 19 miles. Saw many Indians. Camped about 19 miles from Fort Laramie. Handcart axle tree broke on the road. Plenty of wood. Quite a treat after burning so many buffalo chips.

(To be continued)

THE STORY OF OUR HYMNS

"The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning!
The Latter-day glory begins to come
forth."

THIS INSPIRING hymn was composed by William Wines Phelps, one of the most gifted and prolific hymn writers of the early days of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Neither the date on which it was written, nor the particular circumstances under which it was penned is known. It was a Restoration product, included in Emma Smith's collection which was first published in 1835. It was sung by the Saints in their meetings long before the completion of the Kirtland Temple; but the full measure of its emotional and spiritual power was not reached until it climaxed the dedicatory services of that temple, which occurred March 27, 1836. The Kirtland Temple was erected by the command of the Lord, at a cost of seventy-five thousand dollars, which was a very large sum for that day, especially considering the small membership of the Church and the poor condition of its members financially. Too, it was built in spite of the jeers, ridicule, and dire prophecies of the enemies of the Saints. It is said that the sparklers seen in the finished walls of the temple were caused by glass jewels contributed by the Latter-day Saint women, which were ground into the mortar and plastered on the outer walls of the edifice.

During the dedicatory service, Sidney Rigdon of the First Presidency, referred to the sacrifices made by those who had labored on the building and had wet the walls with their tears while praying to God to stay the hands of the ruthless spoilers who vowed that the walls would never be reared.

A vote sustaining the authorities of the Church was taken; then an unusual dedicatory prayer was offered by the Prophet Joseph Smith. This prayer constitutes Section 109 of the *Doctrine and Covenants* from which the following paragraphs are taken:

Thanks be to thy name, O Lord God of Israel, who keepest covenant and shovest mercy unto thy servants who walk uprightly before thee, with all their hearts—

By GEORGE D. PYPER

General Superintendent of the Deseret Sunday School Union and First Assistant Chairman of the Church Music Committee

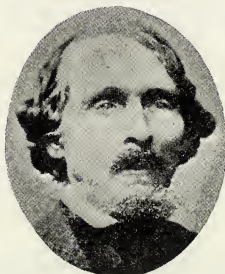
TWO HYMNS

BY

WILLIAM W. PHELPS

XVI. *The Spirit of
God Like a Fire is
Burning*

XVII. *Redeemer of
Israel*



WILLIAM W. PHELPS

Thou who hast commanded thy servants to build a house to thy name in this place.

And now thou beholdest, O Lord, that thy servants have done according to thy commandment.

And now we ask thee, Holy Father, in the name of Jesus Christ, the Son of thy bosom, in whose name alone salvation can be administered to the children of men, we ask thee, O Lord, to accept of this house, the workmanship of the hands of us, thy servants, which thou didst command us to build.

For thou knowest that we have done this work through great tribulation; and out of our poverty we have given of our substance to build a house to thy name, that the Son of Man might have a place to manifest himself to his people.

By way of admonition and plea for mercy the prayer continued:

Seek ye diligently and teach one another words of wisdom; yea, seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom, seek learning even by study and also by faith:

Organize yourselves; prepare every needful thing, and establish a house even a house of prayer, a house of fasting, a house of faith, a house of learning, a house of glory, a house of order, a house of God.

Have mercy, O Lord, upon all the nations of the earth; have mercy upon the rulers of our land; may those principles, which were so honorably and nobly defended, namely, the Constitution of our land, by our fathers, be established forever.

Remember the kings, the princes, the nobles, and the great ones of the earth, and all people and the churches, all the poor, the needy, and afflicted ones of the earth:

O Lord God Almighty, hear us in these our petitions, and accept the dedication of this house unto thee, the work of our hands, which we have built unto thy name.

At this point the singers, stationed in the four corners of the temple, together with the assembly, sang "The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning" with such emotional fervor as to bring to mind the record of the dedication of the temple of Solomon:

And it came to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one,—and when they lifted up their voice * * * and praised the Lord saying, For He is God; for His mercy endureth forever; that then * * * the glory of the Lord had filled the House of God.

Originally the hymn contained six stanzas with chorus. Our present hymn book contains four stanzas—the *Deseret Sunday School Song Book* has only three. The fourth and fifth omitted stanzas are as follows; and the wisdom of omitting them in our new hymn book is apparent:

"We'll wash and be washed and with oil be anointed

Withal not omitting the washing of feet,
For he that receiveth his penny appointed
Must surely be clean at the harvest of
wheat.

"Old Israel, that fled from the world for his freedom,
Must come with the cloud and the pillar
again,

A Moses and Aaron and Joshua lead him
And feed him on manna from heaven
again."

The Spirit of God Like a Fire is Burning

By William W. Phelps

The Spirit of God like a fire is burning!
The latter day glory begins to come forth;
The visions and blessings of old are returning,
And angels are coming to visit the earth.

(Chorus)

We'll sing and we'll shout with the
armies of heaven,
Hosanna, hosanna to God and the
Lamb!
Let glory to them in the highest be
given,
Henceforth and forever; amen, and
amen!

The Lord is extending the Saints'
understanding,
Restoring their judges and all as at
first.
The knowledge and power of God
are expanding,
The veil o'er the earth is beginning
to burst.

We'll call in our solemn assemblies
in spirit,
To spread forth the kingdom of
heaven abroad,
That we through our faith may be-
gin to inherit
The visions and blessings and
glories of God.

How blessed the day when the lamb
and the lion
Shall lie down together without any
ire,
And Ephraim be crowned with his
blessing in Zion,
As Jesus descends with His chariot
of fire!

Up to this writing I have not been able to discover who wrote the tune to this hymn. It probably was among the old southern folk songs originating in England and adopted by the early Latter-day Saints among whom there were no home composers.

"REDEEMER OF ISRAEL"

THIS is another popular hymn by William Wines Phelps, but its origin is not so beclouded as the hymn before-mentioned. "Redeemer of Israel" was based on a song credited to Joseph Swain, an engraver, who was born in Birming-



THE KIRTLAND TEMPLE

THE HYMN is a herald of the Restoration. It tells of a return to the earth of visions and blessings; of the visitation of angels; of the advancement of the Saints in understanding, in the knowledge of God and the expansion of His power; of the bursting of the veil of ignorance and the spread of the Gospel to the nations of the earth, culminating in an era of peace and the coming of Christ to the earth.

The chorus is a stanza of exaltation in which the Saints join with the "angels of heaven" in the cry which embodies the most sacred shout of the Latter-day Saints, viz: "HOSANNA, HOSANNA, HOSANNA, TO GOD AND THE LAMB."

This song has been featured in the dedicatory services of each of the nine temples built by the Latter-day Saints and of many ward chapels.

ham, England, in 1761. Swain was fond of writing verses and loved poetry passionately. A spiritual awakening changed his life and he was baptized by Dr. John Rippon, and studied for the ministry. At twenty-five years of age he took charge of a Baptist church at Walworth where he remained until his death in 1796. There were produced the "Walworth Hymns" which contained one loved and sung for more than a century, entitled "O Thou in Whose Presence My Soul Takes Delight."

William W. Phelps no doubt came across this song and following its trend and meter composed "Redeemer of Israel," breathing into it the breath of life. He retained a few words and lines of Swain's hymn as the reader will notice by the bold faced type in the following stanzas:

"O Thou in whose presence my soul takes
delight
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day and my song in the
night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.
"Where dost thou, dear shepherd, resort
with thy sheep
To feed them in pastures of love?
Say why in the valley of death should I
weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove.

"O why should I wander an alien from
Thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows
they'll see
And smile at the tears I have shed.

"Redeemer of Israel" was also included in Emma Smith's collection, and is still one of the most popular of Mormon hymns—a Restoration song. It is truly poetical and embodies all the requisites of technical hymnody. It is scriptural in sentiment and expression; it is devotional, lyrical, and surely fills the more modern definition as heretofore expressed—"a sacred poem, expressive of devotion, spiritual experience . . . fitted to be sung by an assembly of people in a public service."

Its four stanzas center in the idea of group redemption. The first is in praise of the Redeemer, "our King, our Deliverer, our all." The second expresses the feeling that Jesus the Christ is to come to redeem his people. In the third are suggested the sufferings of the Saints in the desert, amid enemy rejoicings. It closes with expressions of joy at the "good tidings" of deliverance.

(Continued on page 166)

Redeemer of Israel

By William W. Phelps

Redeemer of Israel, our only delight,
On whom for a blessing we call;
Our shadow by day, and our pillar
by night,
Our King, our Deliv'rer, our all!

We know He is coming to gather
His sheep,
And lead them to Zion in love;
For why in the valley of death
should they weep,
Or in the lone wilderness rove?

How long we have wandered as
strangers in sin,
And cried in the desert for Thee!
Our foes have rejoiced when our
sorrows they've seen,
But Israel will shortly be free.

As children of Zion, good tidings
for us,
The tokens already appear;
Fear not, and be just, for the king-
dom is ours;
The hour of redemption is near.

Poetry

TRUTH

By Elinor C. Woolson

HE WHO walks
Without Truth for his guide,
Is like a traveler
Who walks without a compass.

THE LAND OF TEARLESS EYES

By Clarence Edwin Flynn

THERE hovers strangely near us
A land whose borders hold
Treasures of joy and beauty
That are not bought and sold.
Some say its name is Heaven.
Some call it Paradise.
But I would designate it
The Land of Tearless Eyes.

Eyes that have looked on trouble,
Squalor, and bitterness,
And harbored fear and sorrow.
Are bright with happiness.
It has no rugged pathways.
In it no shadow lies
Lurking behind the sunshine—
The Land of Tearless Eyes.

A SUBSTITUTE

By Thelma Browne Ireland

I LOVE the winter season.
I love the frost and snow.
It sparkles and it glistens.
It almost seems to glow.

I love to make a snow man
And have a snowball fight
To ski and to toboggan
And skate all day and night.

Since I can't follow winter
And have snow always near,
I'll plant a white hydrangea
That snowballs all the year.

I MADE MY BED

By Alice Lee Edgy

YES, I have made my bed; now I will lie
In it and not complain if it be hard
With bitter lessons of a life ill-starred.
No covert of dainty lace have I.
Primly tucked in, no stately folded sheet,
No snug and pompous pillows in a row,
No blankets doubled properly, just so.
A worn strip to toss across my feet:
Homespun of courage; just one round and
small
Cushion soft with love; in disarray
A reckless crazy-quilt; and that is all.
"You made your bed, now lie in it" you say.
Self-righteously, you sadly shake your
head.
Perhaps you're wrong—perhaps, I like my
bed.

FALSE FRIEND

By Dorothy Marie Davis

MEETING you again
Was walking a strange dark path
Where webs struck my face.

LOVE

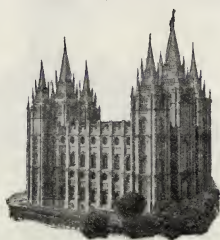
By Elinor C. Woolson

LOVE is like the mountain;
No force can move it,
Or lessen its height;
It stands serene,
Above the storms, and the
Winds, and the tides;
It knows not change.
And the stars are its companions.

BEGGARS

By Ella J. Coulam

I BEG not on the street,
Yet beg for peace;
With outstretched arms
I beg for war to cease.
You beg for bread,
Which I can give—
God grant us peace—
That all may live.



LINTO MY FEET

By L. Mitchell Thornton

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet."

THE NIGHT is dark, but I am unafraid,
There is no terror that I dare not
meet;

Upon thy Word my faith is ever stayed:
A lamp unto my feet.

The road is rough but I shall keep the way,
I shall not stumble, but the course com-
plete.

Thy Word is ever, though the skies be
grey:
A lamp unto my feet.

It matters not what shadows gloom the
night,
Or when the morning's glory I shall
greet;

Thy Word is all I need of cheer and light:
A lamp unto my feet.

CONQUEST

By Olive McHugh

LIFE was once the showman,—top hat,
Snowy pants and red cravat,—
Cracked his whip and I cavorted;
"Fortune of birth" accounts for that.

But today he courts disaster;
I hold the whip, the cue for "faster,"
Life must play his act for me;
I wear the tails and am the master.

ESSENCE

By Queena Davison Miller

OH, I bought some honey
Specially on sale;
Gave a bit of money
For a shiny pall!

Freight of wails on fragrant ways
Of orchard slope and lawn—
Measured gold of summer days,
Pounds of singing dawn—

Yes, I bought a summer
Packed in molten store,
From a queer old mummer
Smiling at my door.

SPINSTERHOOD

By Lillian McQuarrie

MY HAIR is white, and it is far too late
For me to think of flower-of-lime
caresses
And pale bouquets and trailing veils
And tall lace dresses.
But step by step if I could make again
The answers I have made upon the way,
Each no or yes would once again resolve
Into the yes or no of yesterday.
I cannot now recall the gentle hour
When love came to us, or the hour it
passed,
Each separate caress, or angry word,
That hurled us to our final parting kiss.
But this is clear: My composite review
Lies cold and heavy in my memory
And this alone may justify to me
My final crystal no of yesterday.

SO FAR AWAY

By Naomi S. Scott

YOU are so far away—
And yet the self-same moon
Smiles down upon us both.
The silvery clouds that sail
The high, blue sea
Hide the same sun
That warms both you and me;
And one by one
We count the self-same stars
When day is done.
And yet you seem so far away,
Too far, my own.
My heart calls out across the distant hills
When I'm alone.

"MAZIE'S HEAD IS CROWNED WITH GOLD"

By Elna Myrup Dribble

MAZIE's head is crowned with gold, spun
fine and softly waving.
Around her fair and youthful brow.
A thousand sunbeams glistening there
Are prisoners in lovely hair.
All entangled, turbulent, they ardently are
vying
To see who shines the brightest, now.
Ah, here is found a wealth untold,
This halo formed of glorious gold!

EXPLORING THE UNIVERSE

By FRANKLIN S. HARRIS, JR.

FUNGI OF which molds and mildew are examples, that kill flies, mosquitoes, and other harmful insects, have been raised by a German botanist. A new method now makes possible growing them in large quantities.

RECENTLY a leg was successfully transplanted from one rat to another. This is the first time this has been accomplished with higher animals without loss of the use of the muscles.

MADE FROM coal, limestone, and water a new artificial rubber, buna, is under way in Germany. Two other types of rubber are being used in America. Not exactly the same as natural rubber, they are actually better for many purposes. One, chloroprene, not only equals the natural product in strength, toughness, and elasticity, but it can take more punishment from its traditional enemies of oxygen, heat, sunlight, and oils.



GREEN LIGHT is poisonous to one-celled plants.

IT HAS been demonstrated that cells "drink" fluid from their surroundings.

EPILEPTIC seizures have been successfully predicted by means of brain wave studies. Measuring the electrical activity of the brain it was found that characteristic changes occurred 18 or even 24 hours before a seizure.

NEW EVIDENCE that elephants lingered on in America after the arrival of man here has been discovered at Folsom, New Mexico. The prehistoric elephants were trapped in a bog where the hunters killed them with pointed spears. One of the ancient hunter's weapons was under the spine, another in a shoulder blade, and another between the forelimbs of a beast.

SINCE 1900, the eleven years from the age of 48 to 59 have been added to the average man's life and twelve years, from an average of 51 then to now 63 to woman's, according to the



U. S. Bureau of Census. The extra years of life are credited to "improved sanitation, higher standard of living, labor-saving inventions in the homes and advances made in education and in the science and practice of medicine and surgery."

SIR ARTHUR EDDINGTON has a number which he believes stands for the total number in the universe of subatomic or the smallest known parts of matter. It is 3,145 followed by 76 zeros.

THE FINDING of a humped bull, 5000 years old, links ancient India and Mesopotamia. The bull, with curving horns and a monstrous hump on his back was a familiar figure in the ancient art of India but was found in Mesopotamia.

DR. HRDLICKA has found hundreds of once inhabited locations on the Aleutian Islands, which swing out west of Alaska toward Asia. Many of these places were inhabited in pre-Russian times and in the days when America was being populated. Dr. Hrdlicka thinks some wanderers drifted to America by this route in addition to Bering Strait farther north which was a primary highway.

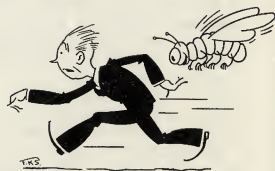


FRESH WATER can be made from sea water by simply passing it through a tube. The tubes are made of a synthetic resin made from formalin and tannic acid by English chemists.

TESTS HAVE been made on the effects of ethyl alcohol when inhaled by breathing through the nose over an open vessel filled with alcohol. It was found that this lowered the respiration or rate of breathing 3 to 8 times per minute and the pulse sank 8 beats. Other research reports that drunkenness is caused by the alcohol depriving the body of oxygen. As a treatment to lower the alcohol in the blood combined oxygen and carbon dioxide was found to be useful, this also improved the mental and physical ability.

WOOD DRIED artificially in Germany at a temperature of up to 212° Fahrenheit, the boiling temperature of water, showed in later use a 20-25% smaller change in size than did naturally dried and seasoned wood.

OATS SOAKED in a solution of a growth-promoting substance before planting have produced stronger plants and 55 per cent more grain than untreated seeds.



THERE are insects now living as large as many birds. There are beetles in South America seven inches long and two and one-half inches wide.

A NEW electrical stethoscope in portable form will enable the doctor to increase the heart sounds about a hundred times that of the old familiar type. Doctors may soon be carrying two black bags, one for the stethoscope, when making calls.

TREPHINING, new to the ancient civilization of the old world, has been found on some skulls of about 1300 B. C., discovered in Palestine. The ancient Incas in America also used to cut out part of the skull to relieve pressure on the brain.

TO GET a unit of length for the metric system, eighteenth century French scientists measured as nearly as they could one-ten-millionth of the distance from the north pole to the equator, and this became the meter.

Editorial

Family Prayers

A FATHER and mother, devoted members of the Church, went away for a vacation. Their five children—five to eighteen years of age—were left in the charge of a housekeeper, another faithful Latter-day Saint.

At supper time, the first day, the housekeeper suggested that the family surround the table and join in prayer. To this the children assented, for, they said, that was their custom. The oldest boy, just past eighteen years of age, was asked to lead in prayer. He begged to be excused because he had never before received such a request. The family had gathered for prayers every day for years but the father had always done the praying.

The fine father of this excellent family had not realized that he had injured his wife and children by denying them the privilege of taking turns in presenting the family petitions to their Father in Heaven. He had failed to understand that such participation would help establish among his family the habit of private prayer. By some misconception of the order of the Church he had come to believe that only he, as the head of the family, should be voice in family devotions.

At all family gatherings the father of the household presides, but he may call upon any member of the family, or a guest, to take part in the proceedings. Indeed, it is wise and proper for the father to call frequently upon his wife and children to be the voice of the household at family prayers. This will give practice in vocal praying before others, help establish the habit of prayer, and develop a stronger feeling of family solidarity—all in harmony with the revealed word of God.

Sincere prayers, those heeded by the Lord, come out of the heart. The head of the family, experienced in public speech and affairs, may offer a more comprehensive, complete, or rhetorically perfect prayer, but the earnest, heartfelt prayer of the mother of the flock, or the lisping, simple prayer of the child, will be as acceptable to the Lord and as readily answered. The voice of the child asking in sublime faith "that I may not be naughty tomorrow" or "that everybody may have plenty to eat" or "that Mother may get well soon," is heard throughout the eternal mansions. Words and thoughts and desires arrive by sincere and certain faith at the throne of God. He knows our needs better than we can state them; we must approach Him in faith to win His aid.

Every Latter-day Saint family should, if possible, meet in regular, daily prayer, morning and evening. In our busy age, it is often difficult to gather the family for such devotions. For that reason, it has often been found desirable to have prayers just before the morning and evening meals, when as a rule all or most of the family are present. Kneel around the table, let each member have frequent opportunity to represent the group in prayer. Unhappiness will be avoided, much joy will come, as a result of such a practice.

Family prayers should not however be allowed

to take the place of private prayers. Every person has need in his daily work of the comfort and inspiration that come from prayerful communication with the Lord. A quiet unobserved place should be sought for our daily prayers, in which we can express to the Lord our heart's inmost desire. In addition, every wise person will pray often throughout the day, whether walking, resting or working, as need and desire may prompt. It is always well to keep close to the source of strength that comes out of the unseen world. Prayer brings comfort to the soul.

In prayer we may speak to the Lord as child to Father; lay before Him the problems of our lives; tell Him of our hopes and fears. Then, whatever comes, we shall know that we have sought help from the right source, and that the answer, however unexpected to us, is for our good.

The Latter-day Saints, with their high commission, must be a prayerful people. "Pray always, that you may come off conqueror." A safe measure of a man is his habit of sincere prayer.

—J. A. W.

The Lesson of the Gulls

SEAGULLS that frequent our coastal waterfronts afford much diversion to casual and interested observers. Passers-by, idlers, vacationists who have a few moments or a stray hour or two, are often seen throwing morsels of food to these scavenger flocks.

In such places where frequent contacts have accustomed these sea birds to man and his ways they become friendly, but wary. They do not take to flight at slightest provocation; neither do they permit themselves to come quite within hand's reach. They have learned that the habitats of men are places of relatively easy living for birds with scavenger tastes. Civilized man's wastefulness and incomplete use of the things that sustain life offer good foraging—easier than can be fought for in less-frequented and more uncertain ocean waters. And so these gulls hang upon the fringe of domesticity—not quite wild, but seldom completely tame; not thoroughly distrustful, but never completely trusting. They know man and his ways. Instinct and experience have taught them unforgettable lessons.

Those who pause to feed the gulls are usually not content merely to see a flock of wary birds come close enough to retrieve food morsels from the sand. Such performance is much too commonplace. A flock of barnyard chickens could and would do as much. The real fascination and exhilaration in gull feeding come when individual members of the flock circle overhead, sound their characteristic high-pitched note, and skillfully dive with split-second accuracy to catch a morsel that has been thrown into mid-air. Coordination! Precision! Excellence of performance! A thrilling achievement to behold!

At first it is easy to believe that each of the group

of a score or more birds at one's feet is taking his turn in earning his bread by soaring and striking at precisely the right instant. Casual observation would make it seem so. Closer scrutiny, however, forces upon the observer the startling truth that one or two, or a few at most, are doing all the flying, while the rest of the flock are seemingly content to scramble and squabble for the few meagre morsels that fall to the ground because of the thrower's occasional miss of aim or the flying gull's occasional miscalculation.

In one such recent experience on the sands of Southern California only one gull out of a flock of more than twenty would fly for bread. This one superior bird circled the thrower forty, perhaps fifty times—until the supply of bread was gone—and rarely missed a morsel.

Such differences in gulls give rise to natural questioning. Outwardly they appear to be identical birds. It would require a shrewd observer readily to mark any significant external differences. Why do some soar while others hug the ground. Indifference? Pure laziness? Physical handicap? Chance? These and many other reasons may or may not offer partial explanation. But one thing appears to be certain—it is not lack of opportunity that keeps the ground-hugging gulls hugging the ground.

Just how far comparisons should be carried over into terms of humankind is a question. But the parallel is striking. The differences among men are sometimes as difficult to explain as those noted among the gulls. With the same heritage, with the same environment, with the same opportunities—frequently out of the same home—come personalities paradoxically different in all of the ways of life—differences in faith, in initiative, in usefulness, in attitudes, in achievement.

Sometimes the answer seems to be apparent. In other cases we must look back and before, or forward and beyond, the present reach of human wisdom. But no matter what the answers, or what the cause for praise or censure in individual cases, the world pauses to admire and applaud the performance of those who have willed to excel, and have intelligently and deliberately paid the price to make excellence possible. Furthermore, it is an eternal certainty that he who by diligence, industry, and patient self-effort rises above the commonplace shall live a life of greater abundance now and forever. And in the Plan where free agency and eternal life are fundamental, we must conclude that the influences that shape our lives from within are at least as responsible as those that shape them from without.

Man was not born to be a "ground-hugger." He was born to soar—to rise higher and ever higher in faith, in knowledge, in achievement. And he who accepts the conditions of his birth and environment as good and sufficient excuse for not rising above them is missing life's greatest opportunities and losing sight of life's purpose. Eternal man was never meant "to scramble and to squabble" on a low plane of living.

Such is the lesson of the gulls—and its message is to young and old.—R. L. E.

Renewal

"AND GOD said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat. . . ." To our first parents, this meant a literal giving of the joys of the Garden of Eden, but even to them it meant learning by actual experience of the senses what true "meat" meant. It was something in addition to a satisfaction of a physical appetite.

Today as then the world is ours—not ours in a physical sense only—but in a sense not known to our first parents who had to make their solitary way unaided by the experience of others.

But are we making the world ours? We are too prone to judge the world from a materialistic point of view. "If I had plenty of money, I could enjoy life more," we say. Often those whom we envy most are the ones whose lives are the most barren. The simple joys are too often barred them. Over a hundred years ago, Wordsworth said:

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

This condition need not exist if we keep alert, keen-sensed. Recently some successful business men made a trip from the eastern part of the United States into the heart of the Rocky Mountain district. Their hosts, eager to provide entertainment, took them to the most exclusive golf club for an afternoon of relaxation. These men stood for a moment at the entrance to the club and then said, "You can play golf if you want to, but we're going to sit here and look at these mountains." And they did. For the full afternoon they sat, watching the changing lights and shadows on the mountains and marveling at their grandeur and beauty. Has each of us discovered the unusual and the beautiful in our own surroundings?

There is an even better way of appreciating nature than by observing it—that is by working with it. Like Antaeus in the old Grecian myth, we too can regain strength from contact with mother earth. We learn to appreciate the wonders of God as expressed through nature. In the seed, which looks like nothing more than a bit of dust or a small pebble, lies inherent the miracle of new life, a result of the promise made to the first man and woman when the Creator said, "I give to you every herb bearing seed."

The drabness of winter is even now about to fade away in the burst of the color that heralds spring. Underneath the earth, the chemists of nature are even now mixing their pigments to paint anew this old world. By working with nature, we can experience a genuine joy from watching the phenomenon of new growth; we can learn to appreciate true beauty in nature, which is what even the greatest of artists can but copy; we learn to appreciate more fully the manifold qualities of a Divine Being who ordered the universe for man's best good and greatest needs.

—M. C. J.

The Church Moves On

B. Y. U. LEADERSHIP WEEK BRINGS SEEKERS OF KNOWLEDGE

"Eternal Progression" was the watchword of a throng of men and women who gathered at Brigham Young University, January 25-29, for the Sixteenth Annual Leadership Week. The distribution of attendance was wider than ever. Repre-



PRESIDENT DAVID O. MCKAY, KEYNOTE
AT BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY

sentatives of ninety stakes and two missions attended. Last year Church workers from eighty-five stakes and three missions enrolled. The total attendance this year is estimated at 2500.

Canada and Mexico both sent goodly delegations. The missions were the Central States and the California. States represented outside of Utah were Idaho, Nevada, Colorado, Arizona, California, Wyoming, Montana, and Illinois. The District of Columbia enrolled a delegate.

One of the richest and most varied programs in years was made possible by the cooperation of Church authorities and organizations, the B. Y. U. faculty, and leaders in other religious, social, and vocational fields. Nearly 200 separate programs ranging from formal lectures to dramatic and musical entertainments, were presented to enthusiastic crowds. Professor Harrison R. Merrill, Director of the Extension Division, was general chairman. President F. S. Harris was on hand at all times to assist in keeping the programs moving smoothly.

The Mutual Improvement Associations held special meetings several times a day. Other Church organizations that contributed programs of rich helpfulness were the Genealogical Society of Utah, the National Relief Society, the Aaronic Priesthood, and the Primary Association. The State Conference of Social Work, National Con-

gress of Parents and Teachers, the Boy Scouts of America, and the United States Forest Service participated with helpful lectures and demonstrations.

Every year the general assemblies provide an inspirational climax daily. President David O. McKay served splendidly as keynote speaker on Monday, dealing with "Eternal Progression."

Dr. John A. Widtsoe, of the Quorum of the Twelve, inspired the assembly next day. Dr. Franklin L. West, Church Commissioner of Education, and Dr. Elmer Petersen, President of Utah State College, addressed the Wednesday meeting.

Unusual interest attached to the Thursday assembly when three women, representing as many organizations of the Church, spoke: President Louise Y. Robison of the Relief Society, Clarissa A. Beesley, Second Counselor of the Y. W. M. I. A. General Board, Sister Edith Lambert, Second Assistant Superintendent of the Primary Association.

The State Conference of Social Work held a regional meeting in connection with Leadership Week, Friday. Dr. Nels Anderson, a B. Y. U. graduate, now of the National Employment Service, Washington, D. C., gave the principal address on "Leadership Through Government." Music directed by Dr. Franklin Madsen enhanced the inspirational effect of each assembly.

Evening entertainments were the concerts of Professor Robert Sauer's "Y" Band, of the University vocal organizations under Dr. Franklin Madsen and Dr. Florence Jepperson Madsen, and of Professor LeRoy J. Robertson's Symphony Orchestra; the Leadership Ball and Social Hours; and the three-act drama, "Bill of Divorcement," by Dane, produced by the "Y" Speech Department.

The Pioneer Trail Art Exhibit, with lectures by Professor B. F. Larsen and other artists, attracted much attention. The pictures were the result of a 3000 mile tour taken by fifteen artists under the direction of Professor Larsen, along the old Mormon Trail last summer. Hundreds of pictures of historic and scenic spots from Salt Lake City to Nauvoo were made.

President F. S. Harris initiated Leadership in 1922 for mature persons who wish to derive a new impetus in life through adult education. Parents especially are invited to attend so that they may get the "cream" of what the University offers, and learn the opportunities afforded by college life. Training for Church leadership is stressed

during the week, but a rich variety of courses is given.—*Carlton Culmsee—Secretary of the Extension Division, Brigham Young University*

SUNDAY, JANUARY 4, 1937

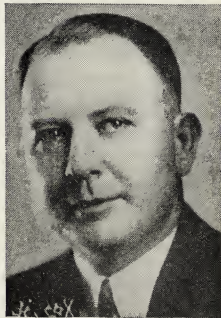
PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT dedicated the chapel in the Crescent Ward, East Jordan Stake.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 10, 1937

ELLIS HARRIS was sustained and set apart as Bishop of Woodruff Ward, Woodruff Stake.

NEW MEMBER CHOSEN FOR THE GENERAL COMMITTEE OF THE CHURCH-WIDE SECURITY PROGRAM

ON JANUARY 26, 1937, the First Presidency announced the appointment of William E. Ryberg, bishop of Holaday Ward, to the central committee to direct the welfare work of the Church. Elder Ryberg is a prominent contractor, builder, and a former president of the Salt Lake Chamber of Commerce. His appointment increases the



WILLIAM E. RYBERG

committee to seven members, the other six being: Elders Melvin J. Ballard, Mark Austin, Harold B. Lee, managing director of the Church Security Program, Stringam A. Stevens, and Campbell M. Brown.

NEW Y. M. I. A. BOARD MEMBERS

THE Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association has recently announced the appointment of three new General Board members, as follows:

Frank W. McGhie has been in the Church Seminary system for several years and is considered one of their
(Concluded on page 168)



On the Book Rack

THE RETURN TO RELIGION
(Henry C. Link, Macmillan Company, New York, 1936.)

MUCH-ADVERTISED, much reviewed, this book by Dr. Link deserves all the praise which has been given it. Coming from a man trained in scientific psychology, a student who merited the Phi Beta Kappa key, the book gains prestige in that, as he says, it "is not the fervent or emotional return of the prodigal son. . . . It is a highly intellectual return."

His return resulted from the case work which he did in helping establish normal situations among people who needed help in personal adjustment. He learned that although "other interests, besides religion, often influence people to sacrifice their immediate pleasures for some distant goal, . . . only religion embodies this principle as the major premise of normal life in all its aspects."

The chapter on "Love and Marriage" deserves special commendation. Dr. Link's sane evaluation of what are the requirements of love and marriage will give pause to all of us. His treatment of education, "The Abundant Life," children, and social planning will stimulate all to a practical application of the principles discussed.—M. C. J.

THE TRAIL OF THE EXILE
(Anna Johnson, Desert News Press, 1936, 32 pages)

INSPIRED by the commemorative services at Winter Quarters, the author wrote the fifteen poems appearing in this collection. Freely illustrated the booklet becomes valuable both as a pictorial as well as a poetical record of the anguished march of the Pioneers.

Miss Johnson's vivid imagery commands a poignant remembrance of the Pioneers' sacrifice for us.—M. C. J.

GETTING ALONG WITH PEOPLE
(Milton Wright, McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., New York, 1935; 306 pages.)

THE AUTHOR, feeling that at no time in the history of our country has it been quite so necessary for man to know how to get along with other people, has studied rather carefully the reasons for success and failure of men and women to adjust in their relationships with others whom they meet.

The real basis of the book could be stated in a very few words: know yourself and study other people. The second chapter lists the seven basic emotions which operate among people in general. The other chapters deal with such helpful subjects as "Reading Character," "The Appeal to Reason," "How To Say No," "The Traits of Leadership."—M. C. J.

HOUSES IN AMERICA
(Ethel F. and Thomas P. Robinson, The Viking Press, New York City, 233 pages.)

A FASCINATINGLY different kind of history is taught in *Houses in America*. From the time when the Norsemen came to America in about the year 1000, each successive colonizer to the new world brought with him old world ideas about house building and naturally incorporated them in the building of his home. Of course, upon coming to this country, these explorers found many Indian habitations. The chapter on "Houses They Found Here" deals with them.

The primitive conditions under which the early colonists lived are described. The sanding of the floors became quite an art and an accomplishment. Designs were worked with the facile brooms of the women; children learned their alphabet by marking the letters in the sand. The French contributed to the architecture of the new world in Quebec, Montreal, and New Orleans. The Dutch brought the gables as well as "the customs of colored eggs for Easter, St. Nicholas, . . . and the celebration of New Year's Day."

The Swedish people are credited with having built the first log cabin—and what would Lincoln have been without the log cabin? The Germans brought the buttresses. The English, dominating the new world as they did, naturally impressed most the characteristics of the new homes.

The illustrations add much to the book and intensify the interest in the reading material. To Latter-day Saints, it is worth knowing that the authors have included a sketch of the first home in Salt Lake City.

To one who has read this book, houses will take on character. Undoubtedly, a feeling will be created for the building of homes which will uphold the standards which were tested and found to combine beauty with durability.—M. C. J.



LOUISA ALCOTT'S PEOPLE
(Arranged by May Lambertson Becker, from the books of Louisa May Alcott, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1936, 211 pages, \$2.50.)

SOME characters in books become living people and should be known by all young folk. Such characters are those into which Louisa May Alcott has breathed the breath of life. Meg, Amy, Joe are not so much fiction as living, pulsating beings whose joys and sorrows, successes and failures become a matter of moment to humanity.

In *Louisa Alcott's People* Mrs. Becker has chapters from Miss Alcott's favorite books and as she herself states "put together like flowers in a bouquet." The illustrations by Thomas Fogarty will help make you and your families revel in the book.

The book opens with six stories of the March family at Orchard House with a poignancy and a reality which make you laugh and weep in the same minute. Two stories are taken from *Little Men*; one from *Jo's Boys*; three from *The Old-Fashioned Girl*, one from *Eight Cousins*, and two from *Jack and Jill*.

The book has been put together well and has a substantial binding which recommends it.—M. C. J.

THE CODFISH MUSKET
(Agnes Danforth Hewes, Doubleday, Doran and Co., Inc., Garden City, 1936, 390 pages)

IN the month of February we commemorated the birthdays of two national heroes who did much to establish this country of ours; it is altogether fitting that we should review and encourage you to read with your venturesome children *The Codfish Musket* which deals with its early establishment.

The fragmentary and legendary story of John Ledyard moves through the pages as a stimulus to the imagination. His romantic figure helps make history come to life as a realization of the dreams of those early founders of our nation. Enough mystery of a clean, wholesome type permeates the book and sustains the interest. The story deals with Dan Boit's exploits from the time when he saw a trading vessel land in old Boston harbor and his curiosity was aroused concerning John Ledyard to his meeting with Thomas Jefferson in Washington and being commissioned by the president to carry a message to Meriwether Lewis about to begin his famous expedition to the Pacific.

To one who has always felt that Thomas Jefferson has never had his just dues as an able president, this book comes with great force. He is made a truly great leader who saw that peaceful methods were far better than warlike ones in trying to achieve world renown for the young United States.—M. C. J.

AS THE WORLD COMES TO VISIT

BY
WESTON N.
NORDGREN



LAST YEAR, approximately 300,000 persons from all parts of the world visited Temple Square in Salt Lake City, where under the direction of President Joseph S. Peery of the Temple Block Mission, the 67 missionary guides remember this creed, posted July 9, 1932, when he was appointed to take charge of the Bureau of Information and the Temple Block Mission:

"To The Missionary Guides:

"REMEMBER MODERATION.

"Be kind, sweet. Do not offend. Do not argue. Remember your business is to remove prejudice, not to make more prejudice. The Gospel is love, peace, good will to all. Let the Bureau of Information be a model for courtesy and good fellowship.

"(Signed) JOSEPH S. PEERY."

Many tourists who have stopped in Salt Lake to see the Temple grounds have declared they had cancelled previously planned trips, or changed them to include the beauties of the City of the Saints, particularly the Temple Square and the Tabernacle Organ.

In fact, more tourists are drawn to the Temple Block than to any other scenic spot in Utah, a recent tabulation by W. D. Rishel, president of the Utah Automobile Association indicates. Mr. Rishel says further:

"Undoubtedly, the Temple Block draws more tourists than any other one thing in the state. Next in line comes the Great Salt Lake, which has greatly increased in popularity since the rise to fame of the Bonneville Salt Flats Speedway to the west; and third in point of drawing power stand the beautiful parks of Southern Utah—Zion and Bryce Canyons, Cedar Breaks and the Wayne Wonderland."

While many curious persons come to "the crossroads of the west" hoping to see the famous Salt Lake Temple from the inside, a great many more have been moved upon to visit the Temple Block because of the weekly broadcast of the Taber-

TO TEMPLE SQUARE, TO HILL CUMORAH, TO CENTENNIAL EXPOSITIONS, AND TO MANY OTHER CHURCH SHRINES AND POINTS OF INFORMATION AND INTEREST PEOPLE OF ALL NATIONS ARE BEATING A PATH TO HEAR, TO SEE, AND TO MARVEL.

nacle Choir and Organ over KSL and the nationwide Columbia network. Mr. Rishel reports that he has seen tourists "drop plans for luncheons and side trips to points of interest to be present at the recitals."

August was the peak month for visitors to this sacred shrine enfolded in the hallowed quiet of its high walls. More than 110,000 persons came, saw and were conquered by the simple beauty of the place.

Tons of free literature are distributed, according to President Peery, who adds that "tourists seem glad to get it, to read about us and to learn the truth about Mormonism and the Mormons."

Those who are interested enough to request the visit of missionaries to their homes, sign cards for that purpose, which are sent to the heads of the various missions throughout the world, and missionary visits follow the traveler's arrival home.

Letters of inquiry containing questions concerning Mormonism and often grateful appreciation for their missionary guide-conducted tour on the Temple Block, pour in to President Peery. These are answered, and a copy of the answer given,

along with the original letter, is sent to the president of the mission nearest to the home of the enquirer, so that personal contact with missionaries, or further explanatory letters may follow.

"Companies" of tourists vary according to the time of day, the day of the week, and the season of the year. Usually the tour day begins as near after 8 a. m. as a group can be collected, and proceeds, every half hour, until sundown. Last year, however, it was often long after dark before the last visitor was satisfied and the large gates to the south of the Temple Block could be closed. "People seem so eager to learn," one of the guides said, "that we couldn't turn them away."

The largest company of tourists taken through by a single guide was a group of 550 persons, on August 24. Several companies of 500 have seen the buildings and heard the lecture; and many also have heard the noon organ recital. The very nature of the tour, which is free, and which is conducted by guides who donate their time to the Temple Block Mission and the gospel cause, seems to astound the visitors. They feel that for the first time in their

lives, they are really getting "something for nothing." And they are.

On August 22, there were 17 companies containing a total of 1,038 persons. August 24 saw 14 companies through, composed of 1,445 persons, and on August 25, 1,535 visitors toured the ground in fifteen companies. The peak for daily totals was reached on August 26, when in 14 groups, 1,665 persons saw the Temple Block and heard the lecture.

The nationwide broadcast of the Choir and Organ on Sundays brings an even larger crowd to the Temple Square. On August 23, for instance, the broadcast alone drew 1,125 persons, and the total for the day, including 15 ordinary companies of tourists, was 2,529 persons—a record for other tourist attractions throughout the west to shoot at!

AWE-INSPIRED after their trip around the Temple Block, many visitors have set down their thoughts along with their names and addresses in the two registry books at the door of the Bureau of Information. Testimonies to the value and beauty of the organ recital, the Temple Block, and the tours themselves may be found on almost every page of these historic documents.

Coming in receptive mood, these thousands of persons have received the Gospel message from enthusiastic, earnest missionary guides, and in return have called the Temple Block "unique," "trim," "magnificent," "wonderful," and "superb;" and the message given, "beyond understanding," "enlightening," and "awe inspiring."

They have taken away with them, in addition to hundreds of thousands of cards bearing a full-color photograph of the Temple Block on one side and the thirteen *Articles of Faith* on the other, 2,121 copies of the *Book of Mormon*; 963 copies of the *Brief History of the Church*; 72 copies of *The Doctrine and Covenants*; 43 copies of *The Pearl of Great Price*; 184 copies of *Talmage's Articles of Faith*; and unnumbered tracts and pamphlets of a religious nature.

Month for month, the official figures are:

Month	Out of State Tourists	Total Visitors
January	4,021	6,031
February	2,771	4,156
March	5,648	8,472
April	7,736	11,604
May	12,617	18,925
June	32,850	49,275

July	59,943	89,914
August	87,281	109,101
September	42,471	53,089
October	15,412	19,265
November	2,202	2,752
December		5,176

This is a sharp rise over former years, as is indicated by the "outside of Utah" tourist table below:

Heavy Tourist Months	1932	1933	1934	1935	1936
May	7,100	6,354	6,783	9,508	12,617
June	15,622	17,048	18,068	21,902	32,850
July	22,610	22,238	29,990	37,198	59,943
August	27,025	21,192	30,649	47,116	87,281
September	14,753	11,910	12,200	20,250	42,471
October	7,437	6,214	8,153	9,411	15,412
	94,547	84,954	105,873	145,385	250,574

Among other points of Church interest to tourists is the Hill Cumorah, which had approximately 20,000 visitors last year, according to an estimate by President Don B. Colton, of the Eastern States Mission, and which, by virtue of the new monument and Bureau of Information, is expected to double this number of visitors in 1937.

Also, the Joseph Smith Farm, at Palmyra, New York, with 1800 visitors, 1600 of whom registered their names and the localities from which they came, in the Farm record book.

More than 6,500,000 visitors at the Texas Centennial Exposition, at Dallas, Texas, had opportunity to view the Latter-day Saints' Church booth, which was operated under the direction of the Texas Mission. President James M. Peterson, in charge, said no accurate account of the actual number visiting the booth had been kept.

Many persons also have toured the Washington, D. C., Chapel and grounds, under the able direction of Elder Edward P. Kimball, Tabernacle organist, who has preached the Gospel to all comers by "word of mouth," by example and through the beautiful tones of the chapel organ.

No figures were available from the Church Farm in Vermont, at the time of this writing.

The California Mission, under the direction of President Nicholas G. Smith, gives the following re-

port concerning the Church booth at the San Diego Exposition:

Month (1935)	Visitors	Month (1936)	Visitors
May (2 days)	5,000	Feb. (17 days)	13,000
June	60,000	March	17,000
July	55,000	April	13,000
August	40,000	May	18,000
September	40,000	June	12,000
October	40,000	July	20,000
Nov. (11 days)	10,000	August	9,000
		Sept. (9 days)	5,000
TOTALS	250,000		105,000
Grand total for the entire San Diego Exposition (12 months and 9 days): 355,000 visitors.			

New highways, modern automobiles, streamlined trains and low fares on passenger planes will do much to help bring about an even greater influx of appreciative visitors in the future. The missionary spirit, broadcast by the Tabernacle Choir in song and the sweet-toned organ in pulse-stirring music; the quiet welcome of the Temple Block, and the joyous, unselfish service evidenced in the voluntary work of missionary guides; the hallowing influence of the tall, beautiful gray granite House of the Lord; the inspiring sight of the Angel Moroni atop the highest Temple spire to the east; the sweet fragrance and riotous colors of flowers; and the all-pervading spirit of peace and hope and happiness that is the soul of the Temple Block Mission, will combine in the future, as in the past, to bring "all nations" into the quiet environs of Temple Square, which has appropriately been named "the Garden of Eden, in the City Beautiful."



THE STORY OF OUR HYMNS

(Continued from page 157)

The Tune

This hymn has been printed in many of our song books without giving credit to the composer of the music. After considerable research we are now able to name the composer—he was Freeman Lewis who lived between 1780 and 1859.

THE AUTHOR

WILLIAM WINES PHELPS was born February 17, 1792, at Hanover, Morris County, New Jersey. He received what in that day was considered a good education; married Sally Waterman by whom he had several children. In his early life he became interested in politics and was one of the aspirants for nomination to the office of Lieutenant Governor of New York. He became interested in Mormonism through reading the *Book of Mormon* and after a ten hours' talk with Sidney Rigdon, who declared he knew through the power of the Holy Ghost that the book was true.

William W. Phelps visited Kirtland in June, 1831, and placed himself at the disposal of the Prophet. He is the subject of a revelation contained in Section 55 of the *Doctrine and Covenants*. In it he was

instructed to be baptized and to be ordained an assistant to Oliver Cowdery to do the work of printing and selecting and writing books for the schools of the Church. Brother Phelps was baptized soon after this revelation was given and thereafter became an active spirit in preaching the Gospel and assisting the Prophet in the great work of establishing the Church in Jackson County, Missouri. Under the Prophet he established the *Evening and the Morning Star* and was one of the stewards over the revelations given to the Prophet, prior to their publication.

It would take more space than is allowed in this magazine to relate the activities of Wm. W. Phelps in those days. The whole story is published in the Third Volume of *Jenson's Biographical Encyclopedia*. It would be well, however, to name a few of the high points in the life of this wonderful man. He was one of the presidency of the stake organized in Missouri. Later, he lived with the Prophet Joseph in Kirtland and subscribed personally five hundred dollars toward the building of the temple erected there. He was one of the Prophet's scribes in translating the "Book of Abraham" from the papyrus found with the Egyptian

mummies and when the vote on the *Doctrine and Covenants* was taken, he bore record that the book was true. He was appointed to revise the hymns selected by Emma Smith under revelation, and to prepare them for publication. He himself contributed a large number which were included in that volume, among which were the two songs treated in this article. Returning to Missouri he was appointed postmaster of Far West and in expectation of a temple being built in that locality he subscribed one thousand dollars to it. On February 6, 1838, William W. Phelps, together with his co-laborers in the presidency, were rejected by the Saints.

He became embittered and was finally excommunicated at a conference held at Quincy, Ill., March 17, 1839. Repenting, he was restored to fellowship in 1841 and filled a mission to the Eastern States. Returning to Nauvoo he became a special messenger of the Prophet in his communications to the governor of the state.

In Nauvoo he labored diligently in the interest of the Church but received little compensation for the labors he performed. He was a

(Concluded on page 168)

WHEN BOX ELDER "IMPORTED" RUDGER CLAWSON

(Concluded from page 147)

and his classes were well patronized. He introduced the double entry system which up to that time had not been understood in Box Elder. A good many really practical book-keepers were developed from this beginning and many of the businesses in Box Elder County still use the setup that he provided.

In addition to this he kept the books of the Brigham City Flour Mills and did odd jobs of accounting for various firms in Brigham City. His records of all kinds are marvels of neatness and accuracy. He had a style of penmanship that was apparently all his own. It has been said that "Whatever a man writes he writes himself." President Clawson was distinguished not only by the subject matter in his writing but the style of his penmanship would identify him anywhere.

It is amazing, when one considers the case, how Brother Clawson found time and strength to keep up with his manifold interests. He possessed that most vital element in

a presiding officer, namely the social impulse. He was a lover of the drama and gave it every encouragement, particularly that of his personal appearance on every possible occasion. He likewise delighted in music, placing special emphasis on ward and stake choirs, quoting frequently from the scriptures, "The song of the righteous is a prayer unto the Lord."

He delighted in house parties, entertaining the presiding brethren of the stake at his own home and being entertained in their homes in return. The writer is a personal witness to the fact that he added very materially to the congeniality and merriment of all such occasions.

He has enjoyed healthful sports; including baseball, football, swimming, racing, and even prize fighting and wrestling. I have never seen him actually engaged in any of these sports but I have seen him enjoying them with the enthusiasm of a real fan.

President Clawson took an active part in civic affairs, lending his in-

fluence to every progressive movement undertaken in this locality. He did not inject himself personally into any of the controversies that were waged between conservatives and liberals but supported the city administration and their endeavors to improve conditions, especially the municipal utilities, such as the water works system and the electric lighting system. His interest in the schools was evident in the progress that was made during his administration. His opinion was sought and followed in such matters as consolidation of small school districts, the erection of suitable school buildings and the grading of elementary schools.

All in all, President Clawson has proved himself to be a friend of Box Elder Stake, during his ministry there, and ever since, even up to the present time.

To sum up, the evidence is that he is a man of God, an able executive, a wise counselor, and friend to a multitude of co-workers.

With President Clawson In Europe

(Concluded from page 153)

During the three years of President Clawson's incumbency important real estate holdings were secured, including chapels in Northampton, Sunderland, West Hartlepool, and Birmingham; also a fine meetinghouse property at Bergen, Norway.

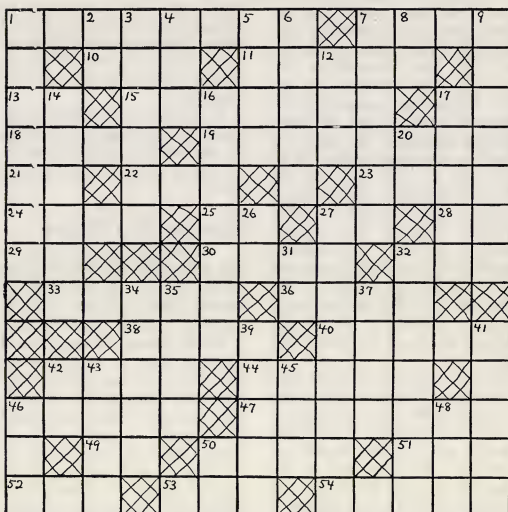
He was strongly supported and comforted throughout by his wife and family. During his presidency, Hyrum Bradley, his eldest living son, filled an honorable 29 months mission in Great Britain. Shining through all the activities of President Clawson as head of the European Mission was his strong and noble character. He was kind and fatherly to missionaries and Saints alike, and he had the happy faculty of making those he contacted feel at ease in his presence. His counsels to the missionaries and at the various conferences were always clear and practical, outlining their duties and urging the need of their striving to reach as many of the people as they could with the message of the restoration of the true Gospel of Christ to the earth in these latter days through the instrumentality of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

To the Saints and investigators the burden of President Clawson's message was the need, in the first place, of getting a true knowledge of God, our relationship to Him, and His purpose in our lives; and then the duty of learning and obeying His counsels and commandments and living in harmony with them.

The true spirit of the Gospel he exemplified in his daily life and his personal example was a constant inspiration to the missionaries and Saints in the mission field.

Scriptural Cross-Word Puzzle—A Saying of Jesus

(See Luke 12:19)



© W. A. W. Co.

No. 22

NO. 22 WORD CLUES

ACROSS

- 1 "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious . . ." 2 Pet. 1:4
- 7 " . . . from the law" Rom. 8:2
- 10 " . . . he taught them as one having authority" Matt. 7:29
- 11 " . . . are the nine?" Luke 17:17
- 13 Exclamation
- 15 "hast punished us less than our iniquities . . ." Ezra 9:13
- 17 "and . . . fell not"
- 18 "Take no thought for . . . life"
- 19 "like unto . . . hid" Matt. 13:44
- 21 Printer's measure
- 22 "what ye hear in the . . ."
- 23 Emperor
- 24 "A . . . shaken with the wind?"
- 25 "The light of the body . . . the eye"
- 27 Italian river
- 28 Tellurium
- 29 Means of transportation
- 30 Bucket
- 32 Foot
- 33 "and few . . . be that find it"
- 36 "for either he . . . hate the one"
- 38 Young woman
- 40 "neither two . . ." Matt. 10:10
- 42 "for . . . heavenly Father knoweth"
- 44 "for I am meek and lowly in . . ."
- 46 Cape of Africa
- 47 Name
- 49 " . . . ye therefore perfect"
- 50 "turn to him the other . . ."
- 51 Fish
- 52 "When he . . . come down"
- 53 New Testament book
- 54 Rustic

A Saying of Jesus is 10, 11, 18, 19, 25, 33, 36, 42, 44, 49, and 50 combined

SOLUTION TO FEBRUARY PUZZLE

J	U	D	E	X	A	R	M	X	L	U	K	E
O	R	A	T	E	O	P	O	S	E	R		
H	E	R	O	D	M	H	O	A	R	Y		
N	X	E	N	D	E	A	R	I	N	G	X	
O	S	A	N	N	A	L	E	A				
A	T	A	A	S	S	I	T	O				
C	H	R	I	S	T	S	A	V	I	O	R	
T	E	N		S	E	V	E	N		O	N	E
R	X	T		I		F	E					
M	A	R	E	O	P	A	G	U	S		M	
A	L	C	O	R	E	A	M	A	S	A		
T	I	T	U	S		R	P	E	T	E	R	
T	E	S	T		A	S	K		S	E	E	K

No. 18

DOWN

- 1 In Matthew 6, Christ teaches his disciples how to make these
- 2 "Behold the fowls . . . the air"
- 3 Knight of the Round Table
- 4 Anger
- 5 Pitcher
- 6 Fragment
- 7 Method of painting
- 8 Note
- 9 "and they feared as they . . . into the cloud" Luke 9:34
- 12 Feminine proper name
- 14 "are they, which in an . . . and good heart" Luke 8:15
- 16 "shall be beaten with many . . ." Luke 12:47
- 17 Angry
- 20 Where Job lived Job 1:1
- 26 Country
- 27 Anything that makes folds
- 31 Isle of Wight
- 32 "make clean the outside of the cup and the . . ." Luke 11:39
- 34 Evade
- 35 "And it is a . . . thing that the king requireth" Dan. 2:11
- 37 A loris
- 39 Bombard
- 41 "of a sweet . . ." Phil. 4:18
- 42 " . . . are the salt of the earth"
- 43 Globes
- 44 Being
- 46 "We have four men which have a . . . on them" Acts 21:23
- 48 Meadow
- 50 Army Order

Story of Our Hymns

(Concluded from page 166)

member of the city council and became involved in the difficulty surrounding the destruction of the *Expositor*. He was arrested in connection with that incident, but acquitted. Upon the assassination of the Prophet Joseph Smith, William W. Phelps espoused the cause of the Twelve and acknowledged Brigham Young as the head of the Church. It was upon his motion at the meeting held October 5, 1844, that Sidney Rigdon was excommunicated. In 1844, he assisted Willard Richards in getting material for a history of the Church. He was also one of those summoned to Carthage to be tried on the charge of treason, but was promptly discharged.

William W. Phelps and his wife were among the first to receive their endowments in the Nauvoo Temple. They crossed the plains in 1848 and were active in the early history of the territory. He was one of the first regents of the University of Deseret, and in 1851 was elected a representative in the Utah Legislature and reelected in 1853-4-5-6-7; was also an ordinance worker in giving the first endowments in the valley. He died March 7, 1872.

Some Impressions of My Father

(Concluded from page 143)

derstand faith because it is a living part of father; and when he talks of revelation you also know what that means because father's character stands before you as the evidence of revealed religion.

Of course father's character and his attitude toward life are an outgrowth of his life's work. That work has carried him into many fields and has brought experiences which would have crushed a weaker man. In his early life there were long sad years of hardship and persecutions, and in the mission field when he saw his companion shot down before his eyes; and later miserable, degrading years of incarceration for a principle. But when he speaks of them the hardships are submerged in his mind to an ideal, and the persecutions are woven into a faith. Where one leaves off and the other begins it is difficult to determine—difficult to decide where ideals and faith break with reality, just as it is difficult to see in him where time breaks with eternity.

The more intimately you know him, the clearer his characteristics stand out. You never run into the baffling inconsistencies which familiarity discloses in many people. Intimacy with him reveals the simple, ordered beauty of the pattern of his character.

A contact with father may have meant many things to many people. To me he has always been a light by which I have been privileged to work.

Hawaii the Hope

(Concluded from page 151)

last individual they were dressed in white, simply but effectively; men, women, and children. Each was wearing a single *lei* about his neck.

Tears sprang to my eyes. I recognized them in a minute, without knowing even one of them personally and long before I had ever glimpsed the simple inscription on their single banner, "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints."

"Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." I heard it repeated again and again, passing on and on through the throng in a way that seemed almost prophetic.

"They're the Mormons. There are so many of them here. Nice people too. Oh, you can't believe the stuff they used to say about them. Say, have you visited their temple?"

The Church is doing a unique piece of missionary work here under unusual conditions. Because of its natural endowments, people are flowing to Hawaii from all over the world and the miracles of God are being wrought.

The Church Moves On

(Concluded from page 162)

most gifted and outstanding teachers.

Brother McGhie has been assigned to the M Men Department on the General Board.

Dr. Wayne B. Hales, Associate Professor of Physics and Mathematics at Brigham Young University, now on leave in California. Has been President of Snow College and a member of the Faculty of Weber College. Is a skillful photographer and an ardent friend of youth.

Dr. Hales has been assigned to the M Men Department.

Dr. George H. Hansen, Professor of Geology and Geography, Brigham Young University. Also teaches Anthropology. Trained at U. S. A. C. and George Washington University.

Dr. Hansen has been assigned to the Senior Department.

Seals' Thunder

(Continued from page 148)

kindness his father had done others and himself. Many times there had been an ache in Kenneth's heart when he had gone to the homes of his friends and seen the relationship between father and son. But his own father seemed too inarticulate to show his love except by service. Wasn't that, after all, true love?

The breach had widened after Kenneth had gone to boarding school, and later, after he entered college. Home-comings had always been painful to him, and he had felt intense relief when he left again. Each time he had gone home resolving to try to reach his father's heart; each time he had been rebuffed in the attempt. His father seemed uneasy in his presence, as though he felt education had separated them even farther.

"Kenneth," Raymond said suddenly, rising, "I'm going to show you something. But you must never let father know that I've done so. It would bother him."

Raymond reached in behind a table, and brought out a well-worn scrapbook. Opening it, Kenneth saw that it was filled with accounts of himself. Stories and pictures of himself had been clipped carefully from papers to be pasted in the scrapbook. There were pictures of him in his basketball togs, and a story of how he had won an important game by a last minute spurt—pictures of him in football togs—articles telling about various offices he had been elected to in college. And his father had never said a word to indicate he knew his son had gained any of these honors!

"I—I don't understand it," Kenneth faltered. "I—I somehow thought Dad wasn't interested in me or what I did."

When the old family physician, Dr. Chamberlain, came, he pronounced Mr. Lowry's condition grave. Kenneth helped carry his father to the car, and Mr. Lowry said nothing except that he "didn't want to give any trouble like this." He didn't even say he was glad to see his youngest son, but for once Kenneth understood that it was the inarticulate nature of his father and not his lack of warmth.

Dr. Chamberlain drew Kenneth aside. "You don't need to tell me to do everything I can, Ken." His voice wasn't quite steady. "He

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AN EXTRAORDINARY VISITOR

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furiously as to make its lips bleed? Perhaps I had too soon dismissed the theory of a mad coyote; but no, the log was too high for that animal to reach.

As I snowshoed through the pines that day it seemed impossible for me to get the strange, nocturnal visitor out of my mind. Once I heard the "kimp," "kimp," "kimp" of a flock of crossbills busy at the cones of big pine trees; and though I studied their red bodies carefully with the glasses, noting with what dexterity they used their queer crossbills, the rarity of the scene seemed always obscured by the thought, "What can that animal be?" Nothing is so formidable as that which we do not comprehend; we clothe it with terrors it little deserves and attribute it a strength that our meagre knowledge of it does not justify.

ONE OF the most inspiring sights in winter is the clear sky of night after a day of purifying snow, and it was such a night when I again sought my lonely cabin.

My notations that evening on the genus *Loxia* were far too commonplace considering the excellent opportunity I had had that day to observe those interesting birds; but in spite of myself I constantly stopped to listen, sometimes even turning to look as if expecting something might have arrived unawares. Tensity of nerves you will say; yes, eventually I did retire and go to sleep.

How soundly I slept I do not know, but it must have been midnight when I was awakened by the same cutting, gnawing sounds of the night before. Quickly clutching my revolver with one hand and my flashlight with the other I stole silently to the door, carefully turned the knob, and then, snapping on the light, with a bound I dashed to the side of the cabin. Too late! the visitor was gone!

Determined to see the venture through, however, I took no thought of my bare feet but circled the cabin expecting every instant to come face to face with something fierce, something powerful, something strange; but again I saw nothing but the sombre pines midst stretches of weird moonlight and dismal shadow.

But this time there were tracks in the snow, tracks of a shape and size I had never seen before. Each foot-

print was somewhat wider and longer than that of a wolf and shaped like the trail of the front foot of a black bear. There were, however, five claw marks whereas a wolf has but four. Furthermore there were three large toes with a little toe at each side, all arranged evenly in a semi-circle across the front; whereas on a black bear's foot there is but one little thumb and that so far behind the others that it seldom shows on the trail at all.

What made the thing all the more incomprehensible was the fact that the footprints of the trail approaching the cabin were only about ten inches apart, as if a wolf had with short steps sneaked upon my habitation. The log also showed a deepening hole.

I lay more or less awake the remainder of that night, and next day I remained at the cabin planning the destruction of my uncanny visitor. I measured the tracks, finding the right front foot of the animal to be five and one-half inches long and four and one-quarter inches wide.

I baited a wolf trap with bacon and placed it along the trail of the queer animal. That night I was once more harassed by the unaccountable gnawing! and again I rushed forth to no avail. Furthermore, in the moonlight I sought in vain for the trap, which had disappeared.

Next morning I followed the trail of the beast for nearly half a mile, at last finding my trap buried beneath the snow. The bacon was gone and the trap had a sickening odor.

I could well see that unless the depredations of my unwelcome visitor were stopped the hole in the wall would soon be a threatening reality; so after examining the ground carefully for a time I decided that by setting my gun beside the trail I could have the beast shoot itself. Hence I placed a dead cottontail in the tracks and connected a string from it to the trigger of my shotgun.

That night I was not disturbed at all; but the next morning I found the rabbit gone and the string cut just behind the muzzle of the gun!

Almost bewildered at such ingenuity, I set the gun again, tied a knot on the old string and put a piece of meat on the trap as bait. Imagine my surprise the following morning

to find the string cut in two just behind the knot, the trap unsprung and the bait gone. The uncanny animal evidently figured that the knot had something to do with my evil designs. Incomprehensible cleverness! Once again I tried, only to find this time that the string was cut behind the second knot; so with sheer disgust I gave up the idea of having my enemy shoot himself.

THE NEXT two nights I was not persecuted at all; so I naturally concluded that the animal had abandoned my cabin. The following day I took my sleeping bag, shotgun, and sufficient provisions, and set out across the mountain ridge to the head of another canyon where I knew that in order to make certain observations I should have to spend the night beneath the pines. In spite of every precaution, however, I was a little cold and uncomfortable as I tried to sleep; and hence next day I was very weary when I again entered my cabin.

The place was stripped: Dishes, pans, books, pillows, clothes, in fact absolutely everything small enough had been carried out through a hole in the log. There was scarcely a bit of food left except a sack of flour, which was spilled all over the floor. Even my kodak and a whole sack of potatoes were gone.

One thing, however, gave me hope: a ham still hung from the ceiling, and I knew my diabolical tormentor would not cease until that had been stolen too.

Going outside I could readily determine the general direction in which the animal had carried the things; and with a match I easily ascertained the direction of the air current. Selecting a thick balsam clump about a hundred yards from the camp I hid and awaited developments.

The sun was shining brightly, making the snow glisten on every side; and for nearly two hours I sat.

I was on the point of giving up what appeared to be a futile vigil, when suddenly one of the strangest animals I have ever seen came bounding into view from up the hillside some seventy-five yards away. I was astonished at what my glasses revealed as it stopped and raised its head to reconnoiter. It

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Homing



PARENTS SHOULD BE RESPECTED!

By ADA M. PATTEN



You and I, no doubt, were brought up to understand that parental word was law, that parental opinion was never to be gainsaid, a procedure which was considered to be respecting one's parents.

Being a modern parent (if growing up with my children qualifies me for that title) I challenge the old rule.

How many sons who shivered in the chimney corner when the parental voice boomed out an edict which shattered youthful aspirations, inwardly respected their father, although their lips uttered no irreverence? In those days a premium was placed on words; what a child said, or did not say to his parents constituted his obeisance, even if the son did take his hat, as soon as he was capable of satisfying his own hunger, and leave the home nest for good.

The first thing any parent who wants to look the issue straight in the face must do, is to take off the traditional mother or father halo along with the tallow candles and other relics.

Then what are parents to do? We are to look the issue straight in the face.

In the first place, when you gaze upon that little miracle of flesh and blood that is your son, you are apt to throw out the chest and say, "He's mine." What you are to say when you first view your child is something like this: "He is a marvelous creature, a wondrous individual, the image and likeness of his Creator. It frightens me just a little to think that I am responsible for his welfare."

Suppose that, instead of this little entity, there was born to you a grown-up individual who has just arrived from another country, for the sake of conversation we'll say from Finland; Finns are no different from any other kind of person, but Finland sounds very strange to most of us. Imagine that this Finlander, not knowing the custom of our land, climbed upon the table. You would respectfully explain to him that this is not being done in our country. Should your guest make the same mistake twice, you would patiently tell him that such was a breach of etiquette, so to speak. You would not give him a slap on the ear and tell him to get down from the table. If you did so far forget yourself as to do this rude thing, would you expect the Finlander to respect you again? Hardly, and he wouldn't either. Yet how many parents have done just such a thing? Have they then tried to make amends for their thoughtlessness? More often they have just dismissed the matter by saying, "Oh, well, children must learn." That's just the trouble: children do learn. Baby learns long before he can put such thought into words.

So here we have the Finlander, a strange person in a strange land, considered of small intelligence because the people he lives with cannot understand what he tries to say, any more than he can understand their language. He can't make it clear that he erred in carrying out orders as a result of misunderstanding. By the time he has learned the tongue of the new country, there is plenty he might say, but it is better for him if he doesn't.

Suppose that when Junior does have command of the language he intimates that somehow his parents are a bit disappointing? That they are not quite the intelligent, companionable individuals he at first considered them to be. Junior is then punished for his impudence and his suspicions are crystallized. He is then given every good reason to believe that his parents are not only inadequate in many ways but are also bullies.

One intelligent, nearly grown boy, who was always getting into some kind of argument with his Dad, said to his mother, after he had been properly quelled by his father who never conceded a defeat, "I can always tell when I get the best of Dad. It is when he tells me to SHUT UP."

The great difficulty is that many parents cannot profit by the reproof that is implied when their children, in the intimacy of family life expose their

weaknesses. This revelation of parental inadequacy usually occurs when children reach adolescence and really begin to make comparisons. Junior often acquires the information that his father is somewhat of a selfish despot who expects the household to dance to his music simply because he is enscathed as the head of the family. Junior can scarcely be blamed if he resents that his father does not live up to the ideals that he expects of his son. A wise thing for a father to do when he has trouble with his adolescent son is to take stock of himself and see wherein he erred as a pattern.

It is also well for a mother occasionally to turn the searchlight upon herself. There should be reasons other than merely maternal relationship why a mother should be venerated.

That mother who merits little honor from her offspring is the spineless woman who uses the father as a "bogey man." "You wait until your father gets home," she threatens her refractory progeny when things get out of management.

Another guilty mother is the delicate soul who wants peace at any price. She is afraid to give Junior what he knows he deserves when he pulls Sister's curls just to hear her squeal.

Then, too, how could a child respect the martyr type of mother—one who whines, "I am wearing my coat for the fourth year, just to give you children some roller skates." It is a privilege for a mother to sacrifice for her children.

If a parent has the child's interest genuinely at heart, the child soon discovers it and reciprocates it. The son of such a mother caught her one day pouring out the milk for dinner. There was sufficient for everybody but one, consequently she put water into her own glass, saying she really didn't care for any milk. Her young son exchanged his glass for hers and said, "You don't get away with that, you need milk as much as any of us." Thereafter he kept an eye on her, making her share and share alike.

Now let's take a last look at the Finlander. If he were always kindly and fairly treated; if he saw that his host and hostess always put his welfare above their own, making his adoption into the new country as painless as possible; although he discovered that they were merely human beings prone to err, he could not help venerating them.

Children cannot help respecting parents who merit respect.

Melchisedek Priesthood

CONDUCTED BY THE MELCHIZEDEK PRIESTHOOD COMMITTEE OF THE
COUNCIL OF THE TWELVE—EDITED BY JOSEPH FIELDING SMITH

IMPORTANCE OF SACRAMENT MEETINGS IN THE CHURCH

ON THE night that our Lord observed the feast of the Passover with his Apostles, and immediately preceding His betrayal, He instituted the ordinance of the Sacrament. Luke gives the account of this in the following words:

And he took bread, and gave thanks and brake it, and gave unto them, saying, This is my body, which is given for you: this do in remembrance of me.

Likewise also the cup after supper, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood, which is shed for you. (Luke 22: 19, 20.)

Paul, admonishing the Corinthian Saints to be faithful in the observance of this ordinance and rebuking them for their unfaithfulness, has also said:

That the Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread:

And when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me.

After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me.

For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come.

Wherefore, whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord.

But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup.

For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body. (1 Cor. 11:23-29.)

In the present dispensation, at the time of the organization of the Church, the Lord said: "It is expedient that the Church meet together often to partake of bread and wine in the remembrance of the Lord Jesus." Then follow the exact words which are to be used in blessing the bread and the wine, or water, which by revelation has been substituted for wine. To meet together often for this purpose is a requirement made of members of the Church which is just as binding upon them in its observance as the requirement in relation to any other principle or ordinance of the Gospel. No member of the Church who refuses to observe this sacred ordinance can retain the inspiration and guidance of the Holy Ghost. It is as true today as it was in the days of Paul, that many members of the Church are weak and sickly, in spirit and body,

and many sleep, because they have failed to show their love for, and obedience to, the Lord Jesus Christ in the keeping of this commandment.

Ingratitude is the most prevalent of all sins; it is also one of the greatest. Jesus Christ came into the world, not to do the will of man, but to do the will of His Father, and He said, "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The love of our Savior was equally as great, and because of it He was willing to suffer and die, that He might bring to all men the resurrection, and eternal life to those who were willing to believe and obey His Gospel.

In remembrance of this great act of infinite love, which has been the means of redeeming a fallen world, those who profess His name show their gratitude and likewise "the Lord's death until He come," by observing this holy ordinance. But the ordinance means more than this. When we eat the bread and drink the water, we covenant that we will eat and drink in remembrance of the sacrifice which He made for us in the breaking of His body and the shedding of His blood; that we are willing to take upon us the name of the Son; that we will always remember Him; that we will always keep His commandments which He has given us. In this act we witness to the Father by solemn covenant in the name of the Son, that we will do all of these things. Through our faithfulness to these covenants, we are promised that we will always have the Spirit of the Lord to be with us to guide us in all truth and righteousness.

How can a man who refuses to meet often with His fellow worshippers to keep this commandment have a claim upon the guidance and the blessings of the Lord? Yet, strange to say, there are those who seemingly have this false understanding. President George Q. Cannon, many years ago, declared:

The Lord has commanded his people to meet together oft and eat and drink in remembrance of Him, of His sufferings and death, and to witness unto the Father that they are willing to keep His commandments which He has given them. . . . Yet there are members of the Church who seem to attach no particular importance to these meetings. They will allow weeks, yes and months, to pass without having the least anxiety or desire to avail themselves of the privilege of partaking of the Lord's Supper. Can there be any wonder at such people being barren, spiritless and indifferent about the work of the Lord? They neglect the means which the Lord has provided for the nourishing of their spiritual natures, and

they are in a state of spiritual starvation—a starvation which is as fatal in its effects upon the spirit as the continued refusal to eat food has upon the natural body. No Latter-day Saint who places proper value upon his standing before the Lord will be guilty of this neglect.—*Juvenile Instructor*, Vol. 28: 89.

President Anthon H. Lund, at the General Conference of the Church, April 4, 1920, which was eleven months before his death, also said:

Now, brethren and sisters, we cannot develop in godliness without going to the meetings. We should be present to hear the servants of God and to partake of the Sacrament of the Lord, and renew our covenants with Him, showing that we are willing to take upon us His name and keep His commandments. It gives us strength to do so; but by staying away from Sacrament meetings, we gradually grow careless, and we think that we cannot be edified by attending them. Do not go to meeting just because a good speaker is going to talk, but go to the meeting as the Lord has commanded that on the Sabbath day we should go to the house of prayer and offer our oblations to the Almighty. Do not let us be lacking in this nor in other duties.

This requirement is made of all members of the Church. None are exempt or excused, except it be on account of disability due to sickness or disease. Neither is there any age limit. Many years ago the privilege of administering the Sacrament in the Sunday School was granted as it was thought that here the children would be taught reverence for this sacred ordinance. This innovation, however, does not excuse or exempt, and was never intended so to do, any members of the Church from attendance at the regularly appointed Sacramental service. This commandment is for all members of the Church, both old and young, the halt, the blind, the deaf and all who are physically able to attend.

The fact that this ordinance has been granted to the Sunday Schools has caused the feeling to grow up among some members of the Church that the children are excused from the regular Sacrament service, but this is not the case. "Remember now thy Creator," we read in the scriptures, "in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." And Malachi declares: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened, and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name." So it shall be today, a book of remembrance shall

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Aaronic Priesthood

CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC—EDITED BY JOHN D. GILES

PRESIDING BISHOPRIC AMPLIFIES QUORUM MEETING INSTRUCTIONS

A BULLETIN containing the following information was recently sent to all the Stake Presidencies and Bishoprics:

We are herewith submitting further information relative to the weekly Aaronic Priesthood meetings in conjunction with Sunday Schools as follows:

(1) For the Aaronic Priesthood quorum period and the Sunday School class period full 65 minutes shall be provided, of which the Aaronic Priesthood quorum period shall occupy not less than 25 minutes each week. However, on the last Sunday of each month these quorums may occupy such portion of the 65 minute period for the Aaronic Priesthood Activity and Lesson Work as they may need, with the understanding that any remaining time will be given to the Sunday School lesson.

(2) The Aaronic Priesthood quorum period shall be immediately before the Sunday School class period.

(3) Every Aaronic Priesthood quorum shall, as far as practicable, meet in a separate room, with the quorum presidency, the supervisor, and under the direction of the member of the bishopric in charge of that grade of Priesthood.

(4) It is very important, in view of the insufficient time available for Aaronic Priesthood work, that each supervisor shall advise with the quorum presidency as to how best to expedite all the various matters included in the suggested order of business for the Activity Period, so as to give proper consideration to each. Then the supervisor should so prepare the Priesthood Lesson as to be able to review it with the members and bring out the essentials in the available time. At the close of each period members should be urged to read and study the lesson for the following week. For this home reading they are entitled to credit as an assignment.

(5) As to the adult Aaronic Priesthood, these instructions will not apply. They may meet at any time most suitable to them. Complete instructions are given relative to the meetings and the suggested course of study in the Adult Aaronic Priesthood Manual.

It is greatly desired that everything possible be done to secure the largest attendance, activity, and thorough training of all members of the Aaronic Priesthood.

QUORUM MANUAL COMMITTEES GET RESULTS

SALES of Aaronic Priesthood quorum lesson manuals during the month of January set a new record for sales in any one month. The reason, as far as can be learned, is the appointment of quorum manual committees as recommended by the Presiding Bishopric at the beginning of the year. The majority of stakes and wards followed the plan with indications that greater participation in quorum activities will follow. The number of manuals printed for the Aaronic Priesthood quorums this year set a new high record, notwithstanding the fact that the Priests' quorum period has been shortened by one year.

BALBOA WARD GETS FIRST STANDARD QUORUM AWARD

TO BALBOA ward of San Francisco Stake goes the honor of receiving the first Standard Quorum Award certificate issued by the Presiding Bishopric in recognition of outstanding quorum accomplishments during 1936. Certification of the standing of the Deacons' Quorum of Balboa Ward was received from Hyrum Mechem, Chairman of the San Francisco Stake Aaronic Priesthood Committee, on January 20, 1937. The record of the quorum, which shows unusual attainment, is submitted by A. W. Sadler, Quorum Supervisor.

The report shows that the seven requirements for the Standard Quorum Award have not only been fully met but have also been exceeded in several respects. The first two requirements—that the quorum set up and follow a definite quorum activity program and a definite social and fraternal program for the year—were fully met. The quorum average attendance was 62.66 per cent—exceeding the standard set of 60 per cent. Assignments were filled by 100 per cent of the members. The standard set was 75 per cent. Against a standard of 75 per cent or more members observing the Word of Wisdom, the record is 100 per cent, and 100 per cent of those earning money paid full tithing. The tithing standard was 75 per cent. Quorum projects were participated in by 60 per cent, where 50 per cent were required by the established standard.

Special commendation to the ward bishopric and quorum supervisors and officers has been sent by the Presiding Bishopric. Balboa Ward has been sent the first certificate under the Standard Award plan. Los Angeles Stake with ten standard quorums was first to report, but in the absence of sufficient

information, certificates could not be sent.

LOS ANGELES STAKE SET HIGH MARK IN STANDARD QUORUM AWARDS

AN OUTSTANDING record for the year 1936 in Aaronic Priesthood activity is reported by Chairman Faun L. Hunsaker of the Stake Aaronic Priesthood committee of Los Angeles Stake. Eighteen separate wards of the stake met the requirements for the Standard Quorum Award provided by the Presiding Bishopric to quorums meeting the standards set up at the beginning of the year.

In the awards Huntington Park and Vermont wards have perfect scores with the Priests', Teachers', and Deacons' quorums all qualifying. Belvedere ward reported all three quorums of Deacons and the Priests' quorum qualifying. Manchester ward qualified two quorums of Deacons, while Maywood, Whittier, Matthews, and Walnut Park wards each had one quorum, the Walnut Park quorum being the Teachers, one of the few Teachers' quorums qualifying thus far. South Gate ward won awards for its Deacons and Teachers.

The awards were sent to the stake Aaronic Priesthood committee in time for presentation at the stake conference held early in February.

HIGHLAND PARK WARD HONORS DEACONS

HIGHLAND PARK WARD, in Highland Stake, following a custom established five years ago, has recognized the leading Deacons' Quorum of the ward with a framed certificate of honor for the most outstanding record of activity during the past year. The award is offered each year, by the bishopric, to the quorum making the best record of activity assignments filled, including passing the Sacrament, which is assigned to each quorum in rotation.

One framed certificate is given to the quorum to be hung in the quorum meeting room, a second framed certificate goes to the president of the winning quorum, and an unframed certificate to each member of the quorum. Each certificate contains the names of all officers and individual quorum members and is signed personally by the bishop, Carl C. Burton, and the supervisors of Deacons, E. Robert Wyss and William M. Webb.

The certificates were publicly presented at a recent Sacrament Meeting devoted largely to the Aaronic Priesthood.

AARONIC PRIESTHOOD RESPONSIBILITY FOR STAKE AND WARD BUILDINGS

A PARTICULAR responsibility of the Aaronic Priesthood, is that of the care of the Church buildings and grounds. Every member of the Priesthood should make it a special duty to develop reverence and responsibility for the house of worship, and constitute themselves as special guardians of Church property. Aaronic Quorum supervisors should stress the responsibility of Quorum members in caring for and preserving the buildings and property of the Church.

ADULT AARONIC PRIESTHOOD CLASSES SHOW PROGRESS

THE ADULT AARONIC PRIESTHOOD plan is to be the object of a Church-wide campaign in 1937. This exceptionally fruitful field for missionary service is to be given special attention. The average attendance of adult members for the first nine months of 1936 was 21% or 7,515 persons. 14,843 assignments were filled by adult members. 1,435 are acting as Ward Teachers. Considering that only 112 wards have separate adult classes these figures show the great possibilities in this field. Bishops are urged to organize for this work and encourage it in every possible way. The period appointed for this class weekly is to be that most convenient for the members, preferably separate from other Priesthood work and at a time when there are no other meetings.

For new adult classes the regular adult manual is recommended. For classes that have completed this manual, the Priests Manual for 1936 is suggested. The Priests Manual is devoted to Priesthood and the application of Priesthood principles to the lives of its members. Both manuals are available at the Presiding Bishop's office at 10c each.

SUGGESTIONS FOR MAKING AND RECORDING ASSIGNMENTS

THE PROCEDURE in the class immediately following the calling of the roll and report on assignments already filled should be as follows:

Assignments should be made, as far as possible, for every member of the quorum to perform some duty during the ensuing week, to be reported on at the next meeting. Assignments should be made in rotation. The proper letter designating that assignment, as shown hereunder, should be placed on the "Assignments Made" line in the date column for the next meeting for each member assigned. Any assignments previously made should be reported on at the present meeting. If the member who has been previously assigned has performed

that duty a vertical line (/) should be placed on the "Assignments Filled" line, indicating that it has been filled. If the member has failed to perform the duty a circle (O) should be placed on the "Assignments Filled" line to show that the assignment has not been filled. The class leader, who is also one of the Aaronic Priesthood Supervisors, should see that the assignments are made regularly to all members of the quorum in proper order for the performance of the various duties. He should endeavor to have all assignments filled, and to see that proper record is made as to whether or not they have been carried out.

DESIGNATION OF ASSIGNMENTS

THE FOLLOWING assignments are such as those holding the Aaronic Priesthood are authorized to perform:

PRIESTS

- A Ward Teaching
- B Administer Sacrament
- C Speak in Sacrament Meeting
- D Scripture Reading—Sacrament Meeting
- E Assist at Cottage Meeting
- F Assist Bishop
- G Usher or Doorkeeper
- H Perform Baptism
- I Preside at Meeting
- J Special Assignment
- K Visit Quorum Members
- L Notify Members of Meetings
- M Perform Ordination
- N Bring in New Member—not ordained
- O Bring in new resident of ward*
- P Revive inactive member*
- Q Lesson Preparation.

TEACHERS

- A Ward Teaching
- B Prepare Sacrament Table

- C Speak in Sacrament Meeting
- D Scripture Reading—Sacrament Meeting
- E Assist at Cottage Meeting
- F Messenger for Bishop
- G Usher or Doorkeeper
- H Collect Ward Funds
- I Prepare Meeting House, etc.
- J Care of Meeting House
- K Visit Quorum Members
- L Notify Members of Meetings
- M Cut wood for poor
- N Bring in New Member—not ordained
- O Bring in new resident of ward*
- P Revive inactive member*
- Q Lesson Preparation.

DEACONS

- A Assist in Ward Teaching
- B Pass Sacrament
- C Speak in Sacrament Meeting
- D Scripture Reading—Sacrament Meeting
- E Assist at Cottage Meeting
- F Messenger for Bishop
- G Assist Usher or Doorkeeper
- H Assist Collecting of Ward Funds
- I Prepare Meeting House, etc.
- J Care of Meeting House
- K Visit Quorum Members
- L Notify Members of Meetings
- M Cut Wood for widows or poor
- N Bring in New Member—not ordained
- O Bring in new resident of ward*
- P Revive inactive member*
- Q Lesson Preparation.

*New resident of the ward brought into quorum activity whether by previous assignment or not is to be credited as an assignment filled. Reviving a member inactive three months or more is to be credited as an assignment filled. When giving credit for an assignment filled but not previously made the roll book should be made to show an assignment made and filled.

THE WORD OF WISDOM REVIEW

A Monthly Presentation of Pertinent Information Regarding the Lord's Law of Health

ALCOHOL VS. INTELLIGENCE

A SUGGESTION TO COLLEGE YOUTH

"BECAUSE college society and society in general plays into the liquor traffic's hands, making cocktails, highballs, punch with a "kick" and club bars part of the social routine, an individual is forced into the unnatural position of being called queer if he refuses to drink.

"Even so, isn't it smarter to be thought queer than consciously to dull nights and days of your college alertness, to level yourself to the common

denominator of alcohol's stupid sham of gaiety, and to defeat at college the primary reason for your going to college?"

"Alcohol and intelligence don't mix. But oddly enough, colleges and universities too often fail to draw this line, despite what their own laboratories show in terms of alcohol's harmful effects on the human system, even in small amounts.

"You will have to think it through for yourself and stand against opposition."—Roland Hall Sharp in "Allied Youth."



Ward Teaching



CONDUCTED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE PRESIDING BISHOPRIC—EDITED BY JOHN D. GILES

Ward Teacher's Message for April, 1937 THE SPIRIT OF REVERENCE

ONE of the outstanding needs of the world today is reverence. In a large measure the fine spirit of reverence which characterized former generations has been lost. The attitude of many people toward sacred things is deplorable.

Unless we are on guard and aware of the danger, Latter-day Saints are apt to follow the world and adopt a worldly attitude toward things, which, in the past, we have held sacred. There is danger in such an attitude.

Through the light we have received and our knowledge of spiritual things, our attitude toward them should never be in question. Reverence for Deity and all things spiritual, including leaders of the Church—our spiritual leaders—houses of worship, the teachings of the Church and the laws of God, is fundamental to the Gospel itself. Sacred things should never be made light of.

"God is not mocked" the Scriptures say. We, who understand the Gospel and its obligations to revere sacred and holy things, will surely be held accountable for our actions.

Parents should be encouraged to teach their children reverence by both precept and example—example undoubtedly being the more effective method. Leaders and teachers in Priesthood and auxiliary organizations should have the development of a spirit of reverence as one of the definite and important objectives of these organizations. Noticeable improvement should be made in the attitudes of some of our young people—and older ones too—toward houses of worship and sacred ordinances.

The true spirit of reverence for things sacred will mark our Church and its members as true Christians in a world where millions of people are fast departing from the teachings of the Savior and losing reverence for holy and spiritual things. Both our obligation and our opportunity to serve the best interests of the work of the Lord on the earth call upon us to develop in ourselves and to help others in every reasonable and practical way to develop the true spirit of reverence.

SUGGESTIONS FOR VISITING TEACHERS

1. *Introduction:* "By love serve one another, for all the law is fulfilled in one word, even in this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Gal. 5:13, 14; Matt. 22:39; Luke 10:30-37; Romans 13:8, 9; James 2:8.

A call to one office in the Church is as binding as another. "And thus they have been called to this holy calling on account of their faith, while others would reject the Spirit of God on account of the hardness of their hearts and blindness of their minds, while, if it had not been for this they might have had as great privilege as their brethren." Doc. and Cov. Sec. 4:84; 109-110; 1 Cor., Chap. 12.

"All are but a part of one stupendous whole whose body nature is and God the soul."—Pope.

Some essentials in teaching are:

A. Teachers should be true Latter-day Saints in word and deed; they should know the Gospel, teach the Gospel, live the Gospel.

B. Teachers should have enthusiasm for their work if they would enjoy it and if they would succeed.

C. Teachers should be thoroughly prepared. One of the first essentials

of successful teaching is thorough preparation. Preparation in this delicate service is as necessary as in any other line of work. "Behold, you have not understood; you have supposed that I would give it unto you, when you took no thought, save it was to ask me," etc. Doc. and Cov. Sec. 9:7, 8; Sec. 107:99, 100.

D. Teachers should possess and display good judgment and tact, as well as love, consideration of others, and the desire to be of service.

E. Teachers should be prayerful—prayer with your companion before visits are made should be helpful. Prayer is the greatest help in preparation, and prayer combined with an earnest desire for service will succeed in perfecting the teachers and preparing them for their work. "And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Matt. 21:22; Acts 6:4.

2. *Object of Visit:*

A. To come to close personal contact with each family in district. (Be sure to enter the home; where there is serious illness in the home and visitors are forbidden by the doctor, a call at the door is advised.)

B. To give comfort when necessary. Col. 2:2. Be a comforter rather than an inquisitor or critic. "Bear ye one another's burdens and thus fulfill the law of Christ." Gal. 6:2; D. & C. 6:19.

C. To carry sunshine into the homes.
D. To observe if help is needed. (If help is needed, the matter should be reported immediately to the bishop. It is then the duty of the bishop to arrange for relief.)

E. To carry the spirit of the Gospel into the home. The gospel message is vital, not passive.

F. To discuss the outlined topics for the month in the home. "Teach and admonish each other." Col. 3:16. "Seek diligently and teach one another." D. & C., Sec. 88:118. Note: Teachers should not discuss the affairs of one family with another family.

3. *Time of Visit.*

A. Each family should be visited once each month.

B. Visits should be made each month before the report meeting.

4. *Results of Visit.*

Teachers' visits are successful:

1. If there is harmony and sympathy between teacher and teacher and between teachers and the family visited.

2. If the topic has been discussed successfully.

3. If teachers have left inspiration and the spirit of the gospel in the home.

4. If a spirit of love has been left in the home; if teachers can leave those visited with love in their hearts the visit has been successful. "That their hearts might be comforted, being knit together in love and unto all riches of the full assurance of understanding." Col. 2:2.

NORTH WEBER STAKE IMPROVES TEACHING

A SERIES of bulletins issued by the Presidency of North Weber Stake, copies of which have been sent to the office of the Presiding Bishopric, have stressed Ward Teaching as one of the important and sacred responsibilities of the Priesthood. Closer supervision, better preparation, and more diligence are enjoined upon those responsible. What promises to be an effective device to encourage more regular teaching visits is a plan inaugurated January First to have a regular roll and record kept for each teacher showing the visits made each month and providing a comparative record showing the activity by months during the entire year.

More quorum responsibility for teaching is urged, with quorum officers assuming the leadership in a stake-wide campaign for better results in 1937.

Mutual Messages

General Superintendency

Y. M. M. I. A.
ALBERT E. BOWEN
GEORGE O. MORRIS
FRANKLIN L. WEST
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM,
Executive Secretary

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.

50 NORTH MAIN STREET
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Offices Y. W. M. I. A.

33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency

Y. W. M. I. A.
RUTH MAY POOL
LUCY GRANT CANNON
CLARISSA A. REESLEY
ELSIE HOGAN VAN NOY,
Secretary

Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

SPECIAL MEMBERSHIP CAMPAIGN—SALT LAKE STAKE

LET'S GO TO MUTUAL EVERY TUESDAY EVENING AT 7:30

*It's a Pleasant Way to Spend
A Profitable Evening in Wholesome
Activities*

Dr. Daniel A. Poling says: "America's new leisure will become either a bane or a blessing, a curse or a cure, in proportion as we do or do not make it a re-creation."

The M. I. A. helps to make leisure an asset and not a liability and to achieve through it a constructive program which has for its goal "the more abundant life."

Prominent Church Members Tell Why It Is Important to Attend Mutual: "The M. I. A. has been of inestimable value to me both educationally and spiritually."

"One single lesson in 1898 in a Mutual class has been a guiding post ever since. Then what of all the other lessons! I fail to see how we could quite navigate without the M. I. A."

"The M. I. A. has been a faithful friend urging me upward and onward to better and nobler deeds."

Mutual provides for every age group above twelve years, social, intellectual and cultural activities that enrich life.

You will find opportunities for—
Intelligent discussions of vital problems of life.

Happy associations with friends.
Participation in numerous activities.
Good times at social entertainments.

Resolve Now to Benefit From These Opportunities

Attend Mutual Next Tuesday and
Every Tuesday

ASSEMBLY PROGRAMS

THE FOLLOWING letter tells how one ward values this feature of our Tuesday evening program:

Phoenix, Arizona,
January 28, 1937.
General Boards of Y. L. & Y. M. M. I. A.,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

I must tell you how delightful and inspiring the Assembly Programs have been this mutual year in the Phoenix 2nd Ward.

One enjoyable evening not included in the outline was an organ recital, and another night we were entertained with the music

of a local composer, otherwise the programs have been carried out as outlined, and each one has been outstanding.

These events have been a drawing card for attendance, and by having them announced in advance more of the ward membership have been induced to attend mutual. Congratulations to the General Board for preparing these cultural programs, which include so many of our membership and acquaint us with the aesthetic things of life.

Trusting for a continuation of the Assembly Programs for another mutual season, I remain

Sincerely yours,

Esta E. Sarager, President,
Y. W. M. I. A. Phoenix
2nd Ward.

The following report by A. E. Smith of Waterlool Ward also emphasizes the success of the Assembly Programs:

MUSICAL WORLD TOUR PROVES HIGHLIGHT OF SEASON

Music and costumes of the nations passed in revue Tuesday evening in M. I. A. meeting as ward members, clad in the dress of various races, sang and played representative music. A colorful stage with a background of national types was prepared by Bro. A. E. Smith, M. I. A. president.

With Sister Barbara Dowding as reader, the following presentations were given: Hawaii, vocal duet, Winifred Ensign and Florence Pay accompanied by Margaret Stirling; Italy, Louise Baughman, accordion; Russia, Mildred Porter, organ; Poland, clarinet solo, Le Roy Nesbit accompanied by Phoebe Petersen; Holland, three Mondfrans sisters who sang in Dutch tongue; Denmark, Danish national anthem sung by a quartet, Gerda Jensen, Val Chatfield, Arnold Christensen, and Onia Nielsen; Ireland, vocal solo, Roma Wrigley accompanied by Frances Langston; America, "The Empty Saddle," sung by Frank Clinger accompanied by Mildred Porter.

All of the programs have been received with a great deal of enthusiasm. The Literary Banquet received especial commendation from stake visitors who attended. What to See in a Movie we worried about for fear we could not interest the audience, but it proved highly informative and entertaining.

SPECIAL PROGRAM— MARCH 30th

INSTEAD of giving our own message to the field in regard to this special program, we will let the Eastern States Mission speak for us:

"Remember the date, Young Men, and begin now to prepare for the special social to be given in honor of the Young Women in return for their entertainment of you in October. The big objective of this event is

to create a spirit of friendliness and sociability that will reach every member of the M. I. A. This party, given by all the men for all the ladies, will include everyone, from Boy Scouts and Bee-Hive Girls to the Adult classes.

"The date, March 30th, was chosen because it is the last Tuesday in the month. Classes may be dispensed with and the entire evening devoted to this special program party. Young Men, this is your entire responsibility and your big opportunity to prove your skill in entertaining. Let's see you teach the ladies a thing or two. Think about it, plan for it, make it the outstanding event of the season."—Taken from the Eastern States M. I. A. Bulletin, "The Mutual Advance."

Y. W. M. I. A. PROJECT

Every Gleaner, Junior, Bee-Hive Girl a Tithepayer.

WE TRUST that all officers and department leaders in the Young Women's organization have been following up conscientiously this important project which was announced at the commencement of the present winter's season and discussed at all of our conventions.

The payment of tithing is the Lord's plan for building up his Church financially and it has proved to be a most excellent one. Especially is its value recognized in the present Security Plan which is being pushed forward so vigorously by the Church, through which the needs of every worthy person may be provided for. Our M. I. A. girls will be proud to be participants in such a movement. They will realize that great accomplishments can result from united effort, even though the part each individual plays may be small.

But even of greater importance is the effect the payment of tithing has upon the person who pays. By making this voluntary contribution, she gives tangible evidence of her faith in God and that faith is immediately increased; her loyalty and interest in the Church are also increased; the virtues of generosity, kindness, honesty, and willingness to give service all grow within her and her life becomes immeasurably richer and more beautiful. Thus the Church is also built up spiritually through the faithfulness of its members.

We again urge that this matter be presented tactfully and in loving kindness. No girl should be made to feel offended because she has not yet placed her name on the tithing roll and it should be explained that those who

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have no income whatever are exempt. But all should be encouraged in this spiritual activity; some will make great effort to work and earn money in order to be able to be included in the tithe-paying group; some will gladly contribute one-tenth on gifts and small allowances from parents. It would be a most praiseworthy achievement if all of our girls might take part in promoting this project and so become continuous tithe-payers.

NOTES FROM THE MISSIONS FROM SWEDEN

"On the evening of December 31st, our Church held its usual New Year's Wake. With a good program and a pretty ceremony they saw the old year out and the new one in. Afterwards we joined the rest of Stockholm in their promenade along the decorated main streets. Then again on the "Thirteenth Day" after Christmas there was another general holiday. The Sunday School took charge of the program and party in our Church. During the evening I noticed that everyone, old and young, knew the words to at least a score of old folksongs and game songs.

"Last night the 'Northern Lights' were plainly visible in Stockholm. They usually mark a change in weather. We have had such beautiful weather until now and it has not been cold. But this morning, for the first time, the temperature dropped below freezing. So I suppose we shall yet have some real Swedish winter." Taken from a letter of Virginia B. Larson, wife of President Gustive O. Larson, Swedish Mission.

FROM THE CALIFORNIA MISSION

CHINO VALLEY:

"Although troop 209 is not sponsored by our M. I. A., this month has seen some activity between the Scouts of that troop and the Bee-Hive Girls. The boys gave the girls a party the day after Christmas. The participants came dressed as toys. Children's games were played. One patrol furnished nuts and the other candy."

BAKERSFIELD:

"To add a little variety at the conjoint meetings of the Gleaner Girls and the M Men, we Gleaner Girls have been serving refreshments after class. Two girls are picked by the members of the class to plan the refreshments, at the beginning of each month. The girls planning the refreshments must consider the "flattened" condition of our pocketbooks, therefore, the refreshments are not elaborate; for example, we served pumpkin pie and chocolate one night, and another night jello and cookies; for next time we are going to have a delicious spaghetti dish. The girls present their plans to the class for approval early in each month. The Gleaner girls enjoy doing this once a month and so far we have heard no objections from the M Men about our arrangements; in fact, the M Men class is larger on the first Tuesday in the month than at any other time. We wonder why?"

POMERENE:

"The Gleaner girls and M Men of Pomerene Branch went to Binghampton convention of the Gleaner girls and M Men of the South Central Arizona District to help plan for the Gleaner and M Men festival to be held this year. They report they had a very enjoyable time. Another old fashioned dance was given this month. All enjoyed

themselves. We are planning another one soon."

VENTURA:

"Our Bee-Hive girls have been selling cookies once a month to help get the things they need in their Bee-Hive work."

"Under the caption 'Doll Dance' members of the M. I. A. entertained by a display of dolls dressed by the Junior girls. These were judged for the awarding of prizes. The dolls, all of which were renovated, comprised a handsome assortment; they will be given to needy children. Refreshments were served and many special dance numbers enjoyed."

GILROY:

"The adults of the Gilroy Branch recently enjoyed a dancing party. Table games were provided for those who did not care to dance. Refreshments were served about eleven o'clock."

Adults

Axel A. Madsen and Emily C. Adams, Chairmen;
R. L. Evans, L. A. Stevenson, Grace C. Nealen,
Laura P. Nicholson, Aurelia Benning.

LIVING BETWEEN THE LINES

THERE is as much added pleasure in living between the lines as there is in reading between the lines.

By this is meant that we must look beyond the daily routine of doing only the needful things that make existence possible, and learn to do also the things that make progress, discovery, and achievement possible.

What we mean by living between the lines describes all the difference between drudgery and joy—all the difference between man in his ignorance and man in his enlightenment.

If we read only the printed word and if our thought processes and mental explorations do not go beyond the printed word we have acquired nothing beyond a dull and unanimated piece of knowledge that may be repeated parrot-like as occasion requires. A camera or a recording machine can do that much. A robot can do an assigned task in a prescribed way more faithfully and with less variation than a human being. We might almost as well be robots if we never look beyond the routine task. That is the fallacy of some of our educational methods. That is the fallacy of some of our memory tests. We became text-bound mimics. This is the fallacy of some of our living—we become earth-bound drudges.

The text which does not invite its reader to think and look beyond that which lies within its bound covers, ought never to have been written.

The teacher who does not fire students with a wholesome discontent for what is now known, and with an insatiable appetite sometime to know what is not now known, ought never to pose as a teacher.

An M. I. A. program that does not make men and women intelligently dissatisfied with their present attainments,

and intelligently determined to add to the joy of living by pursuing greater attainments ought never to be given the dignity of being termed a program.

If Copernicus and Galileo, or someone like them, hadn't lived and thought beyond the literal present, our knowledge would still be the knowledge of a flat world, with all of its superstitions and limitations. If Pasteur and others like him, had not lived and thought beyond the literal present, to us disease would still be a spell to be chanted away by a voodoo.

If Franklin and Edison and others like them had not thought and acted beyond the literal present of their day, we would still be burning candles, riding on mule cars, and washing our clothes by hand.

If Hertz and Marconi and De Forest, and other men like them, had not lived beyond the literal present you and I would never have heard the First Presidency of our Church bear solemn testimony to millions of men and women in Europe and America at the same time, by the miracle of radio.

If Joseph Smith, or someone like him, had not refused to accept the literal present, you and I might still be in ignorance of most of the eternal verities that now enrich our lives and bring peace to our souls.

And any Latter-day Saint who does not live and think and look beyond the literal present is not as deserving as he might be of the promise of eternal progression.

Every advantage we enjoy today that our fathers and grandfathers did not have, we enjoy because someone refused to accept the literal present—because someone thought and read and lived between the lines and by so doing extended the frontiers of knowledge.

We are pursuing this year what in the opinion of many thoughtful and experienced men and women is a good program—not perfect, not complete, but informative, stimulating and faith-promoting. But we ask that it be used, not as an end, but as a means toward growth. We ask that neither the leader nor the class be text-bound, but that they may read between the lines, think between the lines, and live between the lines.

Seniors

Dr. L. L. Dailes and Charlotte Stewart, Chairmen;
H. R. Merrill, Lucy W. Smith, Hazel Brockbank,
Vida F. Clawson, Polly R. Hardy, Dr. George H. Hansen.

AFTER the cold winter, spring will be near when this number of *The Improvement Era* reaches the field. Spring is always a signal for M. I. A. teachers and officers to dig in or lose their following.

Fortunately, the Senior Class has four unusually interesting lessons coming up—"Music in the Home," "Poetry in the Home," "Literature in the

Home," and the "Cultivation of Good Manners."

These classes may be made especially interesting by means of dramatizations, illustrations, effective arrangement. The class leader, by using some ingenuity in assigning these discussions or demonstrations, can awaken an interest in the class members that will bring them into the class.

In many wards there are experts in these fields who might be called upon to take part.

The panel discussion method might be tried. For instance, Dean Gerrit deJong throws out some definite challenges to the parents in his lesson on music in the home. For instance, he argues that every home should possess a piano; he makes statements regarding the time when children should begin upon their music; he throws out hints for developing taste; and he makes suggestions for the wise utilization of the radio.

Perhaps a group could be selected to serve as the panel, each to be ready to lead a discussion on one of these topics. The remainder of the class might well be used to make comments and to add to the discussion through questions.

Demonstrations of excellent music, poetry, or literature might be made. These classes could be used for the ever-popular book reviews.

This is being written chiefly to suggest to teachers that there are many devices which may aid in raising an ordinary class exercise into the realm of a splendid program.

We are happy to say that work is going forward on our next year's manual. Dr. Carl F. Eyring is supervising the preparation although the book, once again, will be in the main a symposium.

What about the reading course book? Are you "Making the Most of Your Life" by reading it?

Gleaners

Helen S. Williams, Chairman; Erma Roland, Ann M. Cannon, Rose W. Bennett, Katie C. Jensen.

WE ARE nearing the end of our winter's work. Are we lagging a bit in effort and enthusiasm? The race is almost won; let us renew our spirits and get our second wind and finish our sheaves with honor.

An article of great interest to Gleaners and Gleaner leaders appeared in the October *Delineator*. It was written by Celia Caroline Cole and is entitled: "Bringing in the Sheaves." It begins with the old song:

Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come rejoicing
Bringing in the sheaves.

Some of the ideas are worth careful consideration:

(Continued on page 178)

M.I.A. GOLD AND GREEN BALLS



1. QUEEN OF GOLD AND GREEN BALL AND ATTENDANTS AT SUSANVILLE, CALIFORNIA.
2. QUEEN AND ATTENDANTS OF GOLD AND GREEN BALL HELD AT RIVERSIDE GARDEN, RIGBY STAKE, RIGBY, IDAHO. NEARLY 1500 PEOPLE ATTENDED.
3. QUEEN AND ATTENDANTS AT PASADENA WARD, PASADENA STAKE, CALIFORNIA.
4. CAST OF ROAD SHOW—"M. I. A. SCHOOL OF CULTURE"—PRESENTED BY ROY WARD OF WEBER STAKE, UTAH.
5. CAST OF ROAD SHOW—"LEST WE FORGET"—PRESENTED BY CLINTON WARD OF WEBER STAKE, UTAH.

(Continued from page 177)

To what point are you going to climb? . . . What are you going to bring into the storehouse?

If there were suddenly a command sent ringing throughout the world to come into the storehouse with your sheaves, what should we be carrying, you and I? Would our arms be filled? . . . Or would there be just a few little wisps? . . . Pure grain . . . or weeds?

Can't you see us, marching along, singing our song, with all that we've done, all that we are, held in our arms? Sheaves bright with beauty, small thin sheaves, sheaves so tall and generous that they almost hide us, sheaves that are already wilting, sheaves that have sent something true and enduring. . . . What have we to offer the Keeper of the Storehouse?

I'll tell you something that I'd be carrying! Gratitude. A whole armful of gratitude. (It makes a lovely bouquet too.) Gratitude that the winds of God are blowing old things out of the world and dropping seeds of new things everywhere; gratitude that men in high places today are following a vision and dauntlessly refusing to give it up; gratitude that more and more people are looking life and themselves in the eyes and refusing to be deceived about either. . . . gratitude that more and more we are learning to live in two worlds—the outer world of confusion and groping and the inner world of clarity—and learning that the only way we can help conditions—our own and the world's—is by abiding in that inner world, seeking our light there, trusting it, resolutely putting all our affairs, the small and the great, into its keeping.

Gratitude that the faces of women have changed in these last two or three years. Gone are those hard, startling, artificial, "wise" faces we have had since the war! Lovable faces are once more the fashion. . .

Gratitude that responsibility has "tapped" most of us in these last few years and made us a member of the "Pull-your-own-weight" Club.

We are better off when we have to sow and reap and bind our sheaves ourselves. Much better off than if somebody handed them to us because we're a great beauty or very rich. Take away responsibility from us and we begin to rot.

Grateful for the disillusionments and sorrows that come into the life of every one of us, burning up our shallowness.

Grateful for the splendor that dwells in every one of us, waiting to be released and lived.

Grateful that there is purpose, that there is order, that there is life to be lived and understood, that there is God.

Sheaf after sheaf of gratitude—I can't even count them, there are so many.

And there goes a girl with a fine sheaf of courage. . . . What a sheaf of splendid boldness she is carrying!

And there walks a woman whose arms are so full I don't see how she can carry a single other thing. But she will!

All these women, bringing in their sheaves.

. . . I believe that every thought we send out brings back its own kind, every deed we do works for us, or . . . against us. That thoughts and deeds and emotions all come bringing in their sheaves, just like us.

If we could pierce through and see—here they come, rejoicing, bringing in their sheaves. Dreams come true, desires granted, work finished, love found—all, all, sheaves.

I know that if we keep that light within us bright and our hearts steady with trust, that there comes into our life an unflinching protection and guidance—we feel a warning

touch from within even about little things that seem too small for the cosmic law to bother with; a sudden understanding flashes in us and guides us; things we thought we had to seek are brought to us, tasks we thought we could never accomplish are suddenly joyously done.

It is that we have learned to turn—"Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die!"—to turn to that inner light, to rely on it, to act on it.

How about our sheaf: We will read the scriptures daily!

Below is a list of Bible stories of outstanding beauty prepared for you:

FIFTY SELECTED BIBLICAL NARRATIVES

Arranged by Dr. Adam S. Bennion,
Author of "Gleaning"

1. The Creation.....Gen. 1:31; 2:1-3
2. Abraham and Lot.....Gen. 13:5-18
3. The Sacrifice of Isaac.....Gen. 22:1-19
4. Isaac and Rebekah.....Gen. 24:1-67
5. Esau Sells His Birthright.....Gen. 25:21, 27-34
6. Jacob and Rachel.....Gen. 29:1-20
7. Joseph.....Gen. 37:45
8. The Birth of Moses.....Ex. 1:7-14
9. The Pillar of Cloud.....Ex. 13:17-22
10. The Passage of the Red Sea.....Ex. 14:5-6; 10-31
11. The Golden Calf.....Ex. 32:1-24
12. Balaam.....Num. 22:1-38
13. The Fall of Jericho.....Josh. 6:1-7; 10-11; 14-17
14. Deborah and Jael.....Judges 4:4-9; 12-22
15. Gideon and His 300.....Judges 7:1-22; 8:4
16. Jotham Trees.....Judges 9:7-16
17. Samson and Delilah.....Judges 16:4-30
18. Ruth.....Ruth
19. The Call of Samuel.....I Sam. 1-3
20. Samuel Meets Saul.....I Sam. 9-10
21. David and Goliath.....I Sam. 17:20-54
22. David and Jonathan.....I Sam. 18-23
23. Saul and the Witch of Endor.....I Sam. 28:7-25
24. Nathan's Reproof of David.....II Sam. 12:1-10
25. Solomon's Choice of Wisdom.....I Kings 3:5-15
26. The Judgment by Solomon.....I Kings 3:16-28
27. Solomon and the Queen of Sheba.....I Kings 10:1-13
28. Elijah and the Prophets of Baal.....I Kings 18:1-46
29. Elijah and Elisha.....II Kings 2:1-25
30. Elisha and Naaman.....II Kings 5:1-19
31. Esther.....Esther
32. Daniel.....Daniel
33. Jonah.....Jonah
34. The Mote and the Beam.....Luke 6:37-43
35. The Rock and the Sand.....Matt. 7:24-27
36. The Two Debtors.....Luke 7:36-50
37. The Sower.....Matt. 13:3-8
38. The Mustard Seed.....Matt. 13:31-32
39. The Pearl of Great Price.....Matt. 13:45-46
40. The Unmerciful Debtor.....Matt. 18:23-35
41. The Good Samaritan.....Luke 10:25-37
42. The Good Shepherd.....John 10:1-18
43. The Great Supper.....Luke 14:16-24
44. The Lost Sheep.....Luke 15:3-10
45. The Prodigal Son.....Luke 15:11-32
46. The Rich Man and Lazarus.....Luke 16:19-31
47. The Pharisee and the Publican.....Luke 18:9-14
48. The Nobleman and His Servants.....Luke 19:11-27
49. The Wise and Foolish Virgins.....Matt. 25:1-13
50. The Ten Talents.....Matt. 25:14-30

From your Bible on your little table

in your room read one each day.

Gleaner special affairs:

Whatever you are planning for the remaining social and cultural events of the season plan thoroughly. Detailed planning assures success, success is no trifle. But a beautiful culmination of each part of the whole fitting perfectly into its proper place. Let the end of the winter's activities be a delight.

Please report your successes to the General Committee of the General Board of the Y. W. M. I. A., Bishop's Bldg., Salt Lake City.

Explorers

John D. Giles, Chairman; Elmer Christensen.

BOISE ORGANIZES EXPLORERS

THE FIRST Explorer troop in the Boise area Council is reported by A. O. Soderburg, Scout Executive at Boise. "Scouting in the L. D. S. Church" is given credit for assisting in the organizing of this first troop of Explorers in western Idaho. Others are in process of organization, with indications that by the end of 1937 several active Explorer troops will be in full operation.

ORGANIZATION TEAM WORK SUCCEEDS

A YOUNG man who lives in northern Utah recently told this story to a member of the General Board of the Y. M. M. I. A.

Before I was twelve years of age, I learned to smoke and occasionally drink liquor. I was traveling with a crowd that was pretty rough. A Scout Master met me one day and asked me to join Scouting. I wasn't interested, but he finally induced me to attend a few meetings. As I got into the work I became very much interested and began to like Scouting. I was still traveling with the rough company and found it difficult to get to Scout meetings regularly.

About this time, I was ordained a Deacon. Shortly after I was in an accident, and for two and a half years I was on crutches with one leg in a cast. Under these conditions my former companions dropped me, as I was too slow for them, and I turned to Scouting.

I spent a great deal of time with the Scout Master and he gave me extra work to do in the Scout program. At a time when I needed encouragement, the Aaronic Priesthood Supervisor, who is now my Bishop, recommended me to be president of the Deacons' quorum. The bishop told me very frankly that because of my past reputation as a "rough neck," they had debated considerably before accepting me as president, even with the recommendation of the supervisor, but they had decided to give me a trial. I told the bishop that I had been active in Scouting and had given up the rough company which I had been keeping. He congratulated me and promised me his full support and cooperation which he gave freely.

I continued with my Scouting work and was one of the boys selected from our troop to go to the Jamboree tour to the

East in 1935. Although my parents are not interested in Church work and leave it entirely up to the children, whether they are active or not, I have continued with my Scouting and Priesthood work and today I am very happy in it. I am now an Explorer and I intend to continue in some activity in Scouting as I am now fully converted to it, and of course, to go on with my Priesthood work.

Juniors

Martha C. Josephson, Chairman Martha G. Smith, Emily H. Higgs, Catherine Folsom, Sarah R. Cannon.

DON'T let the girls get away from you. This time of the year usually seems to try to draw all of us away from the "usual" in an effort to do something different and freer. So you will need to be better prepared, and feeling more fit yourself, in order to hold them. And remember, we do not close M. I. A., ever. We have a change of program June 1st, but round and round she goes. Are you working toward a check-up on what you have accomplished since September? April will finish the lessons, and a few minutes the last night in each series could well be used for summing the year's work and putting in the final efforts getting ready for the Honor Nights in May. Before it is out of your reach, do something to have your girls appear on these programs. The Question Box and Review come the first Tuesday in April. The more preparation you make for this night, the better you will be able to control the discussion, and the more enjoyment you will all get out of it.

Vocations. How many of us groan when we think of ours? And how many rejoice? Undoubtedly we all have our off moments, and days. How many folk groan too often because they have chosen unwisely, and feel it is too late to change? It is quite necessary that we each have a vocation. Whether a girl marries, or remains single, she needs to know how to earn money, and how to spend it. Margaret Cullen Banning in her book *Letters to Susan* has given some very helpful information and recommendations to her young daughter in college. She says:

I think a girl should know how to earn her living, of course. She can no longer count on an income from any other source. When I think of all the women who thought five years ago that they were "fixed for life" and now are in a desperate way trying to sell lingerie and cosmetics I hardly think this point needs proof.

The Doctrine and Covenants tells us that the idler shall not eat the bread of the laborer. And how much better off we are if we can do some particular work particularly well. What a satisfaction it is to know that we can do, that our services are needed, as well as that we can earn money to spend for necessities and comforts. Mrs. Ban-

(Continued on page 180)



FIELD PHOTOS

1. Gleaner Girls of Buenos Aires, Argentina.
2. Oakland Stake Bee-Hive Girls' Hallows'en Party.
3. Missionary meet at Prescott, Arizona.
4. Cyrus and Elizabeth Ann Riley Toman and their ten children, who on the occasion of their parents' golden wedding anniversary attended sessions in the Logan Temple. The family has been active in Church work, the six sons having filled honorable missions for the Church.
5. Six members of the championship team of Cache Valley who belong to the Bair family. Henry, pitcher; Vern, catch; Jack, left field; Francis, center field; Thomas, bat boy, and Grant, stop.
6. Ethna Johnson, Queen of Gold and Green Ball, Logan Square Branch, Northern States Mission.



(Continued from page 179)

ning also says that "very extravagant and very stingy women are usually those who do not know how to earn a nickel."

Don't try to tell the girls what vocation they should choose. No two of us are just alike and therefore we cannot understand entirely the feelings and desires of another, and since the girl's happiness is one big consideration in making the choice she should consider that along with the ability to earn. So your job right here is to learn all you can about the different types of employment open to women and to help inform the girl, and then leave it to her to make the decision. She may need to select a second choice temporarily, but that will do her good also. She may decide later that she has not chosen so well, but if she has been directed aright, she can make the adjustment. Help the girls to learn to think, to have opinions of their own, and not to be swayed by everything they see and hear.

For the special program, March 30th, see that your girls take part in this program, either as guest, hostess, or entertainer, according to the type of program given. Whatever the program, a Junior Girls' chorus would be acceptable. Try to look out for the happiness of all your girls and not just for those who are already on the way to finding themselves.

REVELATIONS AND COUNSEL DIRECT TO YOUR GIRLS

IN READING these two lessons were you impressed with the opportunity that is yours, to direct your girls to faith in the Father's written and spoken word for our everyday guidance? Will you succeed in inspiring them to read some sections in the Doctrine and Covenants; to listen with a purpose to the General Authorities as they speak in your quarterly conferences? Don't expect to teach these girls very many facts, but do not be satisfied with your efforts unless you are leading them toward a desire to know the Gospel principles and to live them; and to inspire them with a determination to do better tomorrow and the next tomorrow, and so on. What is happening to you, yourself, on account of presenting these lessons to the girls? Of course you acceptance of the responsibility did not consider this of paramount importance, but the result is there just the same. Think of the missionary work you are doing, without going away from home. Surely the Lord will bless you for it.

"That girl is most fortunate who has a sustaining faith and religion."

make it the outstanding youth activity of the entire year. The boys who attend will be fortunate indeed because the experiences they gain will be a liberal education. The new friendships formed, the close fellowship practiced, the educational observances made, and the variety of interest developed will far outweigh in value the money necessarily spent.

It is hoped the Scouters of our Church Troops are enthusiastic about the Jamboree opportunities and are using their every influence to have boys register for it. The instructions, registration blanks and definite information on the trip can be secured in the office of the local Boy Scout Councils. The January and February issues of Scouting Magazine contain several pages of Jamboree news. Scouters having boys registered for the Jamboree should read the information given there and relay it to the boys. The trip will be greatly enhanced by proper and adequate preparation made beforehand.

An event of great significance to the Boy Scouts of America is the World Jamboree to be held at the Vogelenzang-Bloemendaal, Holland, in July. The Boys who have registered for this trip should be kept informed of developments and requirements in order to avoid last minute embarrassment

which so easily comes from misunderstandings and misinformation.

Bee-Hive Girls

Ethel S. Anderson, Chairman; Marie C. Thomas, Julia S. Baxter, Margaret N. Wells, Bertha K. Tingley, Ileen Waspe, Agnes S. Knowlton.

COMPLETING RANKS

AT THIS time of the year our attention must be called to the careful checking and examining of Bee-Hive girls. It is the responsibility of the Stake Bee-Keepers to conduct and supervise this work before the awards for completion of Ranks are made at Swarm Day. Careful planning and organizing is necessary in order to secure the best results. It is suggested that Stake Board members be enlisted to assist the Stake Bee-Keepers in conducting the examinations. A schedule of the wards should be made and if possible three members assigned to each ward, one for each Rank, especially if there are many Bee-Hive girls. These enlisted stake board members must receive thorough training by the stake Bee-Keepers to qualify them for conducting these examinations. The stake Bee-Keepers should prepare the test questions based on the "Trial



1. Queen and attendants of Gold and Green Ball, Cassia State, Oakley, Idaho.
2. Scout Troop 267, the first troop of Snowflake Stake, Arizona, to be put into full uniform. (Submitted by O. P. Hancock, Pinalade, Arizona.)
3. Kalmar Castle, Kalmar, Sweden, submitted from the Swedish Mission.
5. George Tramer, of Mobile, Alabama, accomplished musician who has been blind from infancy. Thanks to the foresightedness of the Church in printing the Book of Mormon in Braille, he has just completed the last volume of the seven. (Submitted by Elder Theron W. Burp.)



4. Garth and Shirley Smith of Cedar City, Utah, twin children of Mr. and Mrs. Heber E. Smith. On their eighth birthday, they were presented the Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and Pearl of Great Price, which they reported having read in addition to thirty-six school books during the school year.

Scouts

D. E. Hammond, Chairman; Philo T. Farnsworth.

THE NATIONAL JAMBOREE at Washington, D. C. is but four months away. Plans are well under way to 180

Flights." Foundation Cells, and Foundation Bee-Lines for the three Ranks. At the monthly Leadership meeting prior to the examinations the questions should be discussed and presented to the ward Bee-Keepers, so that the material may be reviewed with the girls to prepare them for the examination. A schedule of the visits and the names of the examiners will also be given to the ward Bee-Keepers.

This testing time should not be frightening, rather it should be made a happy occasion, including perhaps a program of games and dancing. While this is going on the girls may be called out by twos or threes into an adjoining room where the examination is given. Girls should bring their Handbooks containing seals, their Honey Combs, samples of darning, mending, color wheel, designs, and other necessary proof of completion of Ranks. A systematic chart rating may be worked out, or some guide for the examiner to follow in giving the test. Should a girl fail in passing the designated rating, or in any part of her work, opportunity should be given for her to complete it before Swarm Day. Let us encourage and help every girl honestly and conscientiously to complete her Ranks.

CHECKING REQUIREMENTS FOR BEE-HIVE GIRLS

ONE STAKE last year worked out the following for checking on the three Ranks. They are offered as a suggestion. These requirements are based on the nine Foundation Cells for Builders and Gatherers, and the Seven Foundation Bee-Lines for Guardians of the Treasure.

Builders

"Bring Handbook complete for the Builders Rank, having 9 Foundation and 27 Structural seals.

Repeat the Bee-Hive Promise.

Be able to check as follows on Foundation Cells:

1. Repeat the Builder's Purpose.
2. Have a sketch of symbol either in Handbook, or Honeycomb, or on some other article.
3. Have material asked for in this cell written out and be able to tell any part of it.

4. Have explanation and five examples of a daily good turn written.

5. Have chart, completely checked and signed by Bee-Keeper.

6. Produce slip from Bee-Keeper stating girl was present when these lessons were given and has completed the cell. Be able to answer questions on any part of it.

7. Have written four uses of the triangular bandage. Be able to tie a square knot and apply either bandage.

8. Bring samples.

9. Have written the ten things seen on observation hike. Bee-Keeper's signature must be on all written material.

Gatherers

"Bring Handbook complete for the Gatherers' Rank, having 9 Foundation and 27 Structural seals.

Repeat the Bee-Hive Promise.

Be able to check as follows on Foundation Cells:

1. Sing with group the Honey Gatherer's Song.

2. Bring article with symbol applied.

3. Have slip containing five signatures, including Bee-Keeper's.

4. Be prepared to repeat the promise in Doc. and Cov., Sec. 89:18-21.

5. Have ten fundamentals of good character and two examples written out.

6. Write out definition and purpose of First Aid. Be able to find any pressure point and to apply a tourniquet. Write last part on treatments very briefly.

7. Have a slip from the Bee-Keeper to say cell has been completed. Be able to answer any question asked by examiner.

8. Have written and be prepared to tell any part.

9. Have a slip from Bee-Keeper to say cell has been completed. Be able to answer any questions asked by examiner.

Guardians

Have the 14 Bee-Lines or Bee-Keeper's signature to say they have been completed. Repeat the Bee-Hive Promise.

Bring your symbol, either sketched in book or worked on article.

Be able to check as follows on the Foundation Bee-Lines.

1. Repeat the Guardian's Resolve. Tell or write briefly, reports called for in this Bee-Line.

2. Have five principles written out. Outline the Cycle of Life and write out the five things that contribute to a successful life.

3. Be able to demonstrate any part asked for. Have list for home emergency cabinet written out.

4. Have color wheel and three colored designs. Illustrate colors each type asked for should wear.

5. Have written in outline form.

6. Bring slip with cell written out and signed by mother.

7. Have a slip from the Bee-Keeper to say cell has been completed. Write down three points in table etiquette and three in table conversation.

Bee-Keeper's Signature must be on all written material for both Gatherer and Guardian Ranks.

(For suggestions on tests, see also page 171 Bee-Keepers' Handbook.)

SUGGESTIONS ON DAY OF SWARM

(See Bee-Keepers' Handbook, pp. 172-175, also March *Era*, 1936, page 180.)

SWARM DAY exercises may be held in the evening, the afternoon, or both—out-of-doors and indoors. This necessitates a variation of the program, which is very interesting.

A suggestive program combining the indoors and out-of-doors:

I. Y. W. M. I. A. Executives, Bee-Keepers and Bee-Hive girls to receive parents and guests.

II. Bee-Hive display (attractive); Bee-Hive girls at display to explain exhibit, calling attention to Bee-Hive symbolism, Honey Combs, Ranks, Fields, etc.

III. The guests may then be served refreshments in another room, while instrumental music, vocal solos and chorus numbers are given.

IV. Ceremony of Awards. May be held in chapel if desired.

1. Bugle Call.

2. Womanhood—All Bee-Hive girls.

3. Song—There are many flags.

4. Flag Ceremony.

5. Pledge of Allegiance.

6. Singing of America.

7. Greeting and purpose of the day, Bee-Keeper or Y. W. President.

8. Builders' Formation.

(a) Builders' Purpose repeated by all Builders.

(b) Awards to Builders.

9. Gatherers' Formation.

(a) Honey Gatherers' Song by all Gatherers.

(b) Awards to Gatherers.

10. Guardians' Formation.

(a) Guardians' Resolve by all Guardians.

(b) Awards to Guardians.

11. Lowering of Flag.

12. Taps.

13. Song—"When the Twilight Shadows Fall.

14. Games and Folk Dances on the lawn.

The Day of the Swarm in the Open:

I. Bugle Call for assembly.

II. Raising of the Flag as the sun comes up.

III. The Pledge of Allegiance.

IV. Singing of America.

V. Announcement of day's program.

VI. Each Bee-Hive girl builds her own little fire in the circle. Each Swarm or Rank forming a circle, depending on the number of Bee-Hive girls present.

VII. Cook breakfast. (For details and menus see pages 197-198 Bee-Keepers' Handbook.)

VIII. Ceremony of Awards:

1. Bugle Call for assembly. (Bands are put on.)

2. Bee-Hive Songs.

3. Builders' Formation.

(a) Builders' Purpose—all Builders.

(b) Awards to Builders.

4. Gatherers' Formation.

(a) Honey Gatherers' Song—all Gatherers.

(b) Awards to Gatherers.

5. Guardians' Formation.

(a) Guardians' Resolve—all Guardians.

(b) Awards to Guardians.

6. Bee-Hive Promise given with salute by all Bee-Hive girls.

IX. Basket Lunch.

X. Afternoon games, sports, folk dancing, etc.

XI. Bugle Call—assembly.

XII. Lowering of Flag.

XIII. Taps.

XIV. Song—"Twilight Shadows."

THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

HAVE you begun thinking about plans for summer? Bee-Hive is not a winter project only, but must also continue the entire year. Recall some of the happy times you had last summer. All girls need their leaders and Bee-Keepers more in the summer than in winter when school keeps them so busy. The program should be different, living in and enjoying the out-of-doors as much as possible. There are so many Cells, Bee-Lines, and Honor Badges which can best be filled during the summer. Meet your Bee-Hive girls once a week, either as a swarm, or in a ward or stake capacity. If you are planning a summer vacation secure an assistant soon and train her to carry on in your absence. Plan your summer program early.

For suggestions see May *Era*, 1936, page 313. Let's have a happy, joyous, profitable summer with our Bee-Hive girls.

Melchizedek Priesthood

(Continued from page 171)

be kept for all those who honor the Lord in the covenants required of us in the ordinance of the Sacrament.

Among the Nephites, at the time their souls had been fully charged with faith due to the personal visit of the Lord, it is written that they found pleasure in walking after the commandments which they had received, and "continued in fasting and prayer, and in meeting together oft both to pray and to hear the word of the Lord." Moreover, their small children were blessed with remarkable manifestations. The Lord has set the age of accountability at eight years. At this age children are to be baptized and thus become entitled to all blessings as members of the Church. A child who has become a member of the Church through baptism is under the same commandment—for it is to all members of the Church—to attend the regularly established sacramental meetings.

Any man who thinks himself to be devout and who is faithful in his own personal attendance at these meetings, but who neglects this duty in behalf of his children, permitting them to run the streets, or otherwise occupy their time contrary to the way the Lord has commanded is guilty of a transgression. Has not the Lord emphatically declared that it is the duty of parents in Zion or any of her stakes to teach their children the doctrines of the kingdom, and if they neglect this important duty the sin shall be upon the heads of the parents?

In what better way can parents teach their children than by example? Where can the children be instructed in the ways of the Lord any better than in their attendance at these sacred meetings? Yet it is too frequently the case that the younger members of the Church are absent from the Sacramental meetings. We are not justified in thinking that if the children attend the Sunday School, and there partake of the bread and water in remembrance of the body and blood of our Redeemer, that they have fulfilled their duty. The Lord has required them—as members of the Church—to be in attendance at the constituted meeting which He has Himself ordained and appointed for the benefit and salvation of all members of His Church.

There is nothing complicated in the plan of salvation that little children cannot understand. Some churches have clouded their doctrines with mysteries and symbolic ceremonies which even adults cannot comprehend, but this is all foreign to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Otherwise our Savior would have placed the year of accountability at the age of twenty-one or some other period when the mind is mature and not at eight years of age. Brethren and sisters—parents in Zion—it is your

• MAKER OF PAGEANTS— J. KARL WOOD

By VERA GREAVES



J. KARL WOOD

PAGEANTRY is a very old form of presenting religious history, which has been used with notable effectiveness during the past five years by J. Karl Wood of Logan.

In five years, Mr. Wood, author of the Logan Temple pageant of 1934, and "Elijah" presented last spring in the Logan Tabernacle, has written and produced eight religious pageants and many short ward productions. He has now completed two more which will be produced this spring; one, "The Vision," a copy of which the *Era* has received, which will be staged in the Logan Tabernacle, and the other, "Motherhood," which will be part of the program at the graduation exercises of the South Cache Seminary at Hyrum. Besides writing pageants, Mr. Wood teaches the South Cache Seminary classes, takes care of his fox farm, and performs many Church duties in the River Heights ward in which he lives.

solemn duty to be in attendance regularly at the Sacramental service of the Church, and the obligation is also upon you to see that your children who are given into your charge by their Heavenly Father are also there.—J. F. S.

When Mr. Wood first became principal of the South Cache Seminary, he and his assistant, N. W. Smith, were concerned about the small attendance at the Seminary graduation. Feeling that the work was not reaching as many people as it should, perhaps because it was not being presented in a manner that caught the imagination of the people, Mr. Wood laid the plans for his first pageant—"The Restoration of the Aaronic Priesthood." Its enthusiastic reception proved he was right. The attendance at graduation increased from about 200 to more than 2,000 persons. Each year since, a pageant has been given by the graduating class, and now a number of other seminaries are producing Mr. Wood's pageants.

This new method of presenting material created a great deal of interest throughout Cache Valley, and in 1934, when the valley was planning the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the dedication of the Logan Temple, the stake officials asked Mr. Wood if he would write and produce a pageant dealing with the building of the temple. For this event, he wrote the "Temple Pageant"—a masterpiece of light, color and sound. Now, during the past year a Pageant Society has been organized by Mr. Wood, and they intend to make the pageant an annual event in Logan.

Mr. Wood was born at Morgan, June 29, 1890. Early in his youth his family moved to Oregon. In 1908 he came back to Logan to attend the Brigham Young College. The next year he was called on a mission to New York. Afterwards, he finished his college course at the Utah State Agricultural College and was graduated in 1915. A few days before graduation from college, he married Phoebe Ricks and that summer they attended the University of

(Concluded on page 185)

An Extraordinary Visitor

(Concluded from page 169)

looked exactly like a cross between a black bear and a skunk, being about three feet long with a short tail and standing not more than a foot in height. It was blackish brown in color, paler about the cheeks, with a chestnut band beginning at each shoulder, extending backward along each side and meeting at the tail.

It hesitated but a moment and then came bounding down the trail. I had my shotgun, the most destructive weapon in the world when used at close quarters. When the animal got about twenty-five yards from me it must have scented my presence for it suddenly stopped, stood up on its hind feet and while looking in my direction actually shaded its eyes with one forepaw, something I have never seen any other animal do.

Slowly I arose to take aim. Instantly the animal detected the movement; and then it did another unexpected and extraordinary thing. Whether it felt itself cornered or whether it did it from sheer courageous devilment I know not, but

the fact is it did not flee but came wildly and fiercely toward me. I fired, hitting it squarely in the breast. It rolled over, got up and then to my utter surprise came weakly but determinedly toward me again. I fired once more, knocking it over again; but even then it was about ten minutes before its struggles ceased. There it lay before me, a full grown male wolverine, sometimes called glutton or skunk bear. I thought no wonder my friend from Alaska once told me that armed with a rifle he had as lief meet a grizzly as a female wolverine with her young.

After removing the pelt and skull I began the hunt for my stolen things. I found the frying pan in one place, a book in another, a dish in another and so on. Each article was buried neatly in the snow and to my disgust tainted with the wolverine's sickening scent. Some of them were buried a mile away; but I am pleased to state that I recovered all of the articles of any considerable value. Being without provisions, I felt that my winter's adventure could properly come to an end; so after packing the utensils carefully away I slowly trudged down the mountain to the city.



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THE IRIS YEAR

By LEONORA SILL ASHTON



LOVELY IRIS

THERE is no month in the year when there is not some work available to be done in the iris beds, especially among those of the bearded iris with their winding rhizomes or root stocks.

A rhizome has been called a creeping stem. It becomes erect in the summer and after it has turned into a flower stem and gone on to the full development of its flowers, the energies of the plant are then diverted into the development of lateral buds.

These usually grow on either side of the rhizome near the base of the tuft of leaves. The fresh rhizomes form there and send up the flower stems the following season.

The rhizomes grow strong and large, often reaching a foot in length, and are apt to push themselves up to the surface of the soil and often above the level of the ground.

March. The middle of this month burn the iris beds over, even if the fire happens to touch the bare rhizomes, which may have forced their way up to light again. This is a good method of fertilizing the ground as well as cleaning the bed. After the burning is over apply a dressing of bone meal and hydrated lime—equal parts by weight; or four of bone meal to six of lime, if by measure—and be sure to use a heavy application of

this, for the rains will wash it down deeply into the soil. This work should all be completed by the end of March unless the spring is late and cold.

April. Many early irises, especially the dwarf varieties, blossom in April. If the season is late little mats of these may be brought into the house, and if fitted into broad pans and set in a sunny window, they will make a lovely house decoration. Pull up all weeds among the irises this month. They will come up easily before the ground is settled, and they will not have gained much headway among the rhizomes. Cultivate the ground lightly about the new and year old plantings; and clear away all debris from the beds. The latter part of April is a good time to transplant iris as it is for almost every other growing plant.

May. Many other varieties of iris will be in blossom during this month. Pick the blossoms freely for the house. They will be a delight to you there, and the irises will profit by it themselves. Remove all faded flowers from the stems each day with a small sharp knife or scissors.

JUNE. The blossoms will be in their full glory when this month arrives, and many other flowers will be claiming attention too. Do not cut away iris foliage to make way for other perennials. Push

the perennials away from the iris, for the rhizomes need all the sun they can get. As the flowers cease blooming, cut the stalks down no farther than the stalk may be hidden in the foliage. If cut too close to the rhizomes as early in the year as this, there will be a tendency of the stem to rot. So let it ripen off instead. If witch grass has taken a strong hold among any of the rhizomes, lift the whole affected clump out. Cultivate and remake the spot and divide the rhizomes before you put them back. In making new iris beds be sure to add new material to the soil. If the ground is heavy, this should be sand or coal ashes. If it is shady, use humus or some good loam, and do not fail to use the bone meal and lime mixture, in quantities of a cupped handful for each plant.

July. This is an excellent time to divide iris. If the seed pods have formed by now, take off before they have ripened. You will find a joint in the stem down among the leaves where it will snap well on a cool day. Watch for dry leaves around the crowns and

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clear all away, particularly from established plants, to give the sunlight free access to the ground and root stocks. "Iris cannot stand a summer mulch" should be inscribed in your garden note books in capitals. If small rusty spots are noticed on the leaves it is an indication that more lime is needed in the soil. Apply the mixture mentioned above in a large enough quantity to whiten the soil. Do this before a shower if possible, and be generous in your bestowal of the mixture.

August. Another excellent month for division and transplanting. Watch for ripening seed pods and pick them as soon as they are parted at the top. Keep them spread out and separated from each other until they are dry. Do not let them rest on top of each other. Keep all shrivelling foliage pulled away from the rhizomes so that every ray of sunlight possible may reach them. This month is the best time to transplant seedling iris.

SEPTEMBER. By this time the growth of the rhizomes can be measured. If they have grown too much, take off portions of them at each side and fill in the empty

spaces with a rich compost. Do not move rhizomes after September fifteenth, unless the fall is long and warm.

October. This is the best month to sow iris seeds.

November. Cover all late summer and autumn plantings with a mulch of leaves held down by brush or straw. Do not put manure near them. A few inches of coal ashes heaped above the plant is sometimes advisable. This can easily be raked away in the spring and worked into the soil.

December. During this month, see that the necessary mulching is complete, and map out any changes you plan to make in the iris beds next April.

Many calendars have useful hints tucked in between the leaves. Here is one for this Iris Calendar.

A quick and efficacious way of finding out if any species of iris is in need of more moisture than it is getting, is by holding a leaf up to the light. If there are minute black spots dotted all over it, then the plants are too dry. If the green color is uniform, the plant is receiving a little more moisture than it needs. The black specks are produced by the thickening of the tissue of the leaves because of lack of moisture to make the valves or divisions pliable.

Maker of Pageants

(Concluded from page 182)

California. Returning to Logan, he began teaching mathematics at the Brigham Young College. During the next four years, he gradually shifted to the teaching of Theology.

In 1917, at the age of twenty-six, he became the second bishop of River Heights Ward, and in 1920 he resigned from the Brigham Young College faculty to attend a Scout executive school in New York.

For two years, he devoted himself to getting Scout work established in Logan, and then he returned to teaching at the Brigham Young College, which position he held until the college closed in 1926, when he was appointed principal of the South Cache L. D. S. Seminary.

The purpose of religious pageants and plays, he points out, is to appeal to the emotions of the people, to make them feel intensely the spirit of the Church and to give them an insight into the history of the Latter-day Saints.



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Seals' Thunder

(Continued from page 168)

hasn't had any education, Ken, but he has a big heart and everyone loves him. He's a great man, and we can't spare him. But I think he'll pull himself through to do what he's set his heart on. His is an unquenchable fire!"

That was it, Kenneth thought, as the sedan drove away. An unquenchable fire! A man without education, but with the vision to give his sons what he had missed. A man who had fought himself up from nothing. Kenneth thought of the scrapbook again, and something tightened in his throat. He drew a long breath. He had for the first time found his father and understood the fine spirit of the man.

"It's good to be home, Ray," Kenneth said slowly.

ANXIOUS days followed, days during which the older Lowry hovered between life and death. When the old lumberman's fighting spirit finally carried him over the crisis, Raymond proposed that Kenneth should return to college. Their father would be in the hospital for weeks more, minor complications having set in, but the danger had passed.

"I'm sticking, Ray," Kenneth said grimly. "It's Dad's unquenchable spirit that carried him through the crisis. I've come to the conclusion that it's that kind of spirit that makes for greatness in any man. If we can show a little of that same fire, we'll carry on from where Dad left off, and get those logs down the river."

"We've spent months, Ken. And we couldn't find that underground river."

"But you ignored topography!"

Raymond frowned. "What has that to do with it?"

"Lots. The Olympics cut Lake Quinahoe off from the Pacific on the west. To the north are rippling mountains. East or south must be the logical drainage point! And the east can pretty well be eliminated."

"But the dam to Quinahoe River is south. Wouldn't water naturally—"

"It hasn't," Kenneth reminded his brother.

Against his brother's protests, Kenneth went out with a weighted line, testing for subterranean currents. A week passed without results. Then one day, working under a dripping Douglas fir, he found a decided pull on the weighted line.

"Waterlogged wood," Raymond predicted, taking the line. After raising and lowering the line several times, his stern face brightened. "You win! But now we've found the subterranean river, what will we do?"

"Steal seals' thunder," said Kenneth, his eyes twinkling. "I'm going to Seattle for several days. While I'm gone, will you try to pick up four old chassis at auto junk-yards? Don't pay over ten dollars. And hire several men to cut up enough logs to build a fifteen-foot-square raft. Build a waterproof shack on it, with a couple of bunks and room for an airtight heater. Also have a winch erected, and one of Dad's donkey engines aboard."

"Spring is jumping at us," Raymond said curtly. "What do you want all that stuff for? And what has seals' thunder to do with it? They bark!"

"So they do," Kenneth grinned.

The night of the third day, Kenneth returned, his car piled high with diving equipment—two rubber-covered canvas diving suits with lead-

soled shoes, two air-pumps, air-hoses, ropes, and other gear.

Sven Erickson and Raymond came out to look it over. "Where is your seals' thunder?" Raymond asked.

"We're going to be the seals," Kenneth laughed. "You and Sven and I, if Sven will help us. A professional diver has been teaching me how. It's not hard, but it's surely cold. Brrrr!"

Sven's light blue eyes brightened. "Yimminy, vill I halp you! I jüst itching to see vun o' t'em diving suits work!"

Raymond shook his head dubiously. "Stealing seals' thunder" by diving in icy water was not something he relished. But the Swedish youth eagerly started the tug, and the two brothers got aboard. They towed the log raft, loaded with the chassis, a winch and a shack, out to the spot where they had discovered the entrance of the underground river.

Fog cottoned the steep, wooded slopes on each side of the lake, and the air was chill and penetrating. But it was warmer, Kenneth suspected, than water flowing from snow-mantled mountains. Could they endure diving in such water?

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Seals' Thunder

Kenneth thought of that scrapbook. A fellow couldn't disappoint a father who had such faith in him!

THE TWO brothers slept in the shack that night; Sven in the pilot house of the tug. They breakfasted at daybreak, and then set about attaching hooks to one battered automobile chassis. Sven pushed the lever of the donkey engine. It rumbled, straining at the weight. The raft heeled in the water, then resumed normal position as they lowered the chassis into the water. Kenneth maneuvered the winch until the pull was greatest, then he dropped the chassis.

"Now," he grinned, "I'm going to show you about this seals' thunder."

Donning the diving suit, Kenneth gave Raymond and Sven explicit directions about the amount of air pressure and about his signals. Then they slipped on the copper helmet, giving it a quarter of a turn to fasten it.

The winch raised and lowered Kenneth. A silver sheet of water slipped past his oval vision plate. The dark shadowland of the depths

wrought waterlogged stumps and trees into weird figures and designs. Every foot of submergence increased the pull of the underwater river.

"On the bottom," Kenneth called, as he sank to his hips in slime.

Even at fifty feet, vision was negligible. Kenneth assured himself that air-hose and life-line were not snagged on tree roots.

Moving with the dangerous suction, he located the entrance of the subterranean river. The bottom was more solid, cleared by flowing water. And the chassis, luckily, was in the breach where he wished it. Kenneth released the hooks, and instructed his brother through the phone to draw in the line and lower another chassis.

Presently a grotesque shadow appeared overhead. Kenneth cleared his lines, waiting in the protecting hollow of a huge stump. His brother had no feel for water pressure on the winch's load. Time after time Kenneth had to order the chassis raised again. His teeth chattered by the time the second car body reposed a-top the first, further blocking the relatively small opening of the underground river.

Kenneth had to go up and thaw out before the air-tight heater.

"Time is so short that I hate to train new divers," Kenneth said. "But the mountain lake water is too cold for a fellow to remain in long."

Raymond willingly took the next dive, but inexperience robbed his efforts of effectiveness. He had to ascend before the third car was in position. Sven could barely finish the work before he, too, had to come up. Kenneth's second dive saw the fourth chassis in position.

"Now we have the river loosely blocked," he said, as he got out of his suit. "We have a good frame work for cement. The sacks would wash away without some such framework."

The first part of the work concluded, Sven left with the tug to get sacks of quick-drying cement. Kenneth and Raymond alternated with the diving, fitting each sack into a position so that the chassis could be sealed against the opening of the subterranean river. Pressure diminished daily as the cement hardened, closing the breach.

KENNETH thought he would make the last dive, just a week later. But cold finally drove him up, while the pressure could still

(Concluded on page 188)

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Seals' Thunder

(Concluded from page 187)

be felt in one point. He stayed at the stove while Sven superintended Raymond's dive. Finally the Swedish youth came into the shack, his face anxious.

"Yumping jimminy! Why von't youy brutter let me pull him up?"

"He's been down long enough," Kenneth said, slipping into an overcoat. "He can't stay down longer, even if there is more to do."

Kenneth called into the phone. "What's the matter, Ray?"

"Don't bother me!" Ray's voice was irritated.

"I'm pulling you up!" Kenneth said grimly. "Get clear!"

"Don't!" Raymond cried, his voice strangely altered by air pressure. "My line and air-hose are snagged on a stump. I'll get 'em clear in a minute, if I don't freeze first."

Kenneth's heart chilled. So that was it? Snagged! So cold he could not clear fouled lines! And his fingers would become increasingly clumsy!

Kenneth was in no condition for a dive. He was still cold, his hands numb. But, without a word, he climbed into his damp diving suit.

"Ray's snagged!" he told Sven tersely. "Don't let me get too much slack! If I get in the same position, we'll both be gonners!"

Sven nodded his white face. Down Kenneth went, letting Sven lower him by hand, since the winch was in use. Fortunately he had brought two air-pumps! The cold was like so many needles. Kenneth's teeth commenced chattering again, and his exposed hands grew numb. But he moved arms and legs in the descent, trying to restore circulation.

Landing in deep muck, he felt his way to the biggest stump. He had to ask for more slack. He also directed Sven to tell Raymond for the first time that he had gone below. Ray sparing him while he fought for his life below! Kenneth's eyes stung at the thought. And he had thought Raymond and his father remote, unfeeling!

Stumbling ahead, Kenneth finally found his brother, and gave his hand a reassuring squeeze. He trailed Raymond's line backward, and found where it was fouled around a root of the stump. Then he gave orders to Sven to raise Raymond very slowly.

Slowly!

It was the only way to save Raymond from the diver's bends. But it was also a process of slow freezing for Kenneth. He knew he could be drawn up, for he had not been down long. But that meant detaching Ray's lines from the winch. Fatal to Ray! Kenneth clenched his teeth.

Cold cut like so many knives. He moved arms and legs for what seemed endless, tortured hours. His motions became slower, more awkward. His teeth beat a constant tattoo, and he could not keep them still. Slowly his senses ebbed, and the last he remembered was Sven's distant voice.

He awoke to look into Raymond's anxious face. "How you feel, Ken?"

Kenneth forced a pale smile, "Like fighting," he said faintly.

Raymond's stern face relaxed, and he grinned. "And you were speaking of Dad's unquenchable spirit!" His voice wasn't quite steady, and he hid emotion by giving Kenneth a good-natured poke.

Three days later the elder Lowry was released from the hospital, though he had still not regained his former strength. Heavily-bundled, he was escorted down the lake on the tug by Sven and his two sons. Not until they reached the dam, and Kenneth could see for himself that water was already climbing on that barrier, did he dare tell his father what they had done. His father thoughtfully watched the lumberjacks assembling the logs for the river drive, stroking his white mustache.

"Well," he said, "it's what I'd expect of you and Ray."

Before Kenneth would have considered it a rebuff. But now he understood the inarticulate nature of his father, and knew that it was a

tribute. A warm sensation swept over him and his eyes blurred. He was grateful that at last he understood that his father's love was impounded behind a barrier of reserve which he could not break down; impounded as were the waters of the lake behind its dam!



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THE OUTLAW OF NAVAJO MOUNTAIN

(Continued from page 139)

cold water preceded the storm, he raised his quirt and loped cautiously and stoopingly down the shallow ravine.

In the fading twilight he drove the horses over against a high bank and lassoed the pinto stallion from among them, keeping his sharp eyes ever towards the *wickiups* in the canyon below. As the storm descended in a roar all around, he rode at furious gallop to the ford on the San Juan, leading the unwilling pinto behind.

When bright morning beamed again on a wet world washed clean of all tracks, the handsome pinto cropped the grass in a remote valley of the reservation. At the same time a boy from the Cheepoots camp returned to relate that the pinto *peechoogy* could not be found. The valuable *peechoogy* secured at a fancy price and carefully cared for to sire a lot of choice colts—gone! Some infernal thief.

Posey knew the stallion had not parted of its own will from the other horses, but not yet aware of how his act of kindness to that man in Bluff had thrown oil on the flame of his old quarrel, he couldn't quite focus on Bitseel as the author of this latest calamity.

Late in the summer a friend returned from the reservation and told him what had become of the handsome *peechoogy*: More gallons of oil on the fire.

Besides his invincible sorrel, the big Navajo cherished a perfect darling of a bay, a single-footer with peculiar white to all four knees. During many a long game of *coolican* back of the old log store in Bluff, one or the other of these two beauties had stood waiting for him by the bull fence. In person or by proxy, Posey shadowed the sorrel and the stocking-footer till he knew just where to find them day or night.

There are times on the San Juan when a persistent south-wester fills the sky with dust and drives coarse sand like fine shot against every open surface. In such a storm men and animals, unless they are goaded on by urgent necessity, seek a place of shelter.

On a day like this when a man could see only five rods at best, if really he could get his eyes open to see at all, Posey rode fast and far in the shower of sharp grit and splashed into the river at a gravel

ford a mile below the old Rock House. On the south side he struck a lope again, heading resolutely through the driving sand into a greasewood canyon.

Blinding clouds of dust hid Bitseel's hogan half a mile below, and though it could not be seen, Posey knew exactly where it stood and kept vigilant watch in that direction. In fifteen minutes he came out of that canyon leading the sorrel and the stocking-footer. At mad gait he whipped back to that gravel ford, and reaching the north side in safety, turned from all beaten trails into the hills.

Months passed before the rivals met again, months of chuckling exultation for the party north of the river, but bitter vexation and new plotting for the party on the south side.

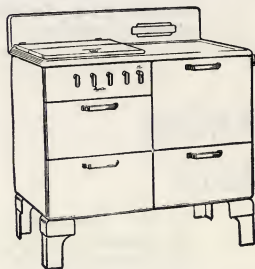
IN REMOTE corners north and west of Bluff, some of them a hundred miles away, the Mormons tried to hide a few choice stock-horses, and with them they would frequently put saddle horses in need of rest. These were places of chief attraction for Posey and his people. They stole horses from Clay Hill, from Red Canyon, Cow Tank, and Elk Mountain; they stole from the Comb Wash, from the Butler Valley, and from under the very noses of the people in town. Posey made it his business to keep the address of all Bluff's horses with a record of the dates when they would be free to receive his attention.

Of such an intolerable nuisance as this, Haskel could not fail to take thoughtful account. Going to the Cheepoots *wickiups* in Cow Canyon, he addressed himself to Posey in particular, fixing his black eyes on the enterprising horse-thief with prophetic penetration.

"Are the things true that I have told you?" he began, as if with full authority to call for an accounting, but quilt tried to evade an answer and hung its head in defeat. "You know these things are true," pursued the old man firmly. "In what one thing have my words to you failed? Most of the thieves are dead. One of the Sanop's boys died in jail and the other like a coyote among the rocks. Buck Grasshopper is stealing from Poke and Poke will kill him. *Shinoff* pities us, and if you

(Continued on page 190)

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THE OUTLAW OF NAVAJO MOUNTAIN

(Continued from page 189)

go on stealing from us you'll die the same as these other thieves."

Posey listened sullenly like a whipped cur under the lash, making no answer. Toorah, her babe at her breast, her ebony hair parted neatly in the middle, looked her resentment for this scathing arraignment of her lord. Old Cheepoots, more weak than wicked, was troubled and oppressed. Without another word the old gray-beard turned with measured tread from the *wickiup*.

That visit resulted in a temporary lull in Posey's operations, a lull and nothing more. He studied it over, recalling with perplexity every word the old man had said.

And while he still pondered and hesitated and half feared, some of his people reported the coming of a hundred Navajos, armed and daubed with war paint on their way to slaughter the people of Bluff and burn every house in town. This wild mob, inflamed over the trouble at Rincone, wherein Amasa Barton and a Navajo were killed, had sworn vengeance on the little settlement and intended to take them by surprise.

The Pah-Utes knew Haskell had left town on business, and one of them suggested, not so much in curiosity as in exultant contempt, "Let's go and see how *Shinoff* fights these hundred Navajos to protect the people He pities."

When that terrible cavalcade, like Attila's invincible horde, rode into the defenseless little village, the Cheepoots people rode in behind them. The long procession with many glittering ornaments and jingling silver buckles stopped in a dreadful company with their guns across their saddles in front of the old log store. They demanded to see the bishop, or some other leading or representative man who must account to them for charges they were going to make.

The men of the settlement had gone frightening and on the range, gone after stolen horses and to various laborers miles away. Only three remained, for no one had expected this trouble. Terrified women and children peeped through their darkened windows or ran to the neighbors in dismay.

Someone hurried for Bishop Nielson, an aged patriarch from Denmark, with thin white hair and feet frozen crooked in the handcart com-

pany. The old man came limping and alone to meet the hostile band and found there his faithful counselor, Kumen Jones, who was able to speak Navajo.

THE CHEEPOOTS people watched with interest—Haskell might be able to cope with this situation, but this aged Danishman, hardly able to speak English, would get nowhere with the Navajos.

But the old bishop calmly told his interpreter what to say, and the painted savages showed their annoyance at his fearless attitude.

"We came here to be your friends," began Kumen Jones, as if it might be Haskell himself, "It is not our business to fight. The great Spirit sent us here to teach peace. If you want to fight we will make it known to the government and they will have soldiers here right away. Do you want to be friends, or shall we send word to the government to start a war?"

"*Doetahl! Doetahl!*" objected the older men, raising their hands in protest. The very suggestion roused vivid recollections of Kit Carson and his men who took them as so many cattle away to the big pen in New Mexico. But most of the Navajos were too young to remember the three years of humiliation near Santa Fe and they sat sullen and silent on their horses.

"All you who want to be friends and live in peace," Kumen Jones continued, as spokesman for the bishop, "go stand your guns against the wall and come sit here in a friendly circle while we talk it over."

The older men leaned their guns against the log store and seated themselves on the ground. The young hotheads remained stiffly in their saddles while the Cheepoots people watched to see whether and how *Shinoff* took part. The conversation on the ground was too low for the men on horses to hear, and one by one they stacked their guns and sat on the ground to listen. The Pah-Utes too, got down to where they could see and hear all that went on. They saw, with surprise and disappointment, that the angry braves with blackened faces, yielded to the old bishop's standards of peace and good will. And they, at least for the time being, like the fool who came to scoff but remained to pray, agreed with the hearty accord

THE OUTLAW OF NAVAJO MOUNTAIN

which won them all like a strain of music. Especially did they agree when, after a big hand-shake all around, the bishop announced they would kill a fat steer and bring bacon, flour, and coffee from the store for a generous feed that night so that they could all be refreshed when they started home in the morning.

The Cheepoots people ate as freely as anyone else and they heard, even though they may not have taken part in, all the pledges of friendship between the Mormons and the Navajos. Could these Pah-Utes forget that impressive scene? Could Posey really cast from his heart and mind all the heartfelt words and assurances of that day? How different would be the ending of this story if he had treasured the words of that day in his memory.

OLD BIG-MOUTH, insolent and contriving, suddenly became a wool-merchant. Every day he came from towards the reservation with a back-load of wool which he sold to the little store. The clerk dumped it in one of the back rooms of the log building, but somehow, many purchases from this Big-mouth Mike, failed to increase the pile of wool in that back room.

They investigated and set a huge wolf-trap under a loose chink they found in the log wall. In the morning Big-mouth stood there by the wall with his hand through the place of the loose chink, his hand in the jaws of the trap. Lem Redd, manager of the store, took the old thief by the hair. Also he brought the toe of his boot in impressive contact with the seat of Mike's breeches, and pointed out in strong language the folly of a dishonest lie. When the old bilk was well kicked and properly informed as to what kind of man he was, the manager of the store went in the warehouse and released the swollen fingers from the hard, biting jaws.

Big-mouth had little to say during the kicking, and no comment for the free lecture on wrong-doing, yet while he nursed his sore hand in the quiet of his smokey *wickiup*, he awoke to the enormity of the outrage he had suffered. He, who had killed a white man as flippantly as he would kill a goat—he, who got away with the plunder slick and clean, now to be kicked and insulted by a white man!

It was simply more than his proud

soul could bear. With dark and terrible visage he returned to Bluff demanding a thousand dollars indemnity. The money must be forthcoming at once or he would leave blood and ashes in the place of the little colony.

Mike! the terror of the wilderness! The dread of any woman or child who ventured beyond the narrow limits of the little town. They peeped at him from their windows and watched to see whether he would turn toward their door or go on by.

With the great lips of his long mouth protruding to advertise his awful displeasure, he met Haskel in the street. Determined by strength of his rancor and the noise of his words to dominate the old man's sentiments, he poured forth his wrath in threats and curses. The Mormon medicine man stared at the ground, annoyed at being stopped, but otherwise unconcerned as if a spoiled child had begun to whine after him.

When at last Mike closed his ponderous yap, eager to know how much of a dent he had made in the old man's armor, Haskel turned on him without emotion and without compromise, "Didn't I tell you devilish thieves you'd die?" he demanded. "Where's Hatch? Where's Sanop? Where's Tuvagutts and Bob and Neepooch Grasshopper? Where's Navajo Frank? Now don't you go crying around here for any thousand dollars. Dead men don't need money."

The old man walked on as if glad to waste no more time on such trivialities. He had dismissed the matter as if his word were final, no possibility for it to fail, and it made no difference on earth what Mike thought about it.

As to Mike, his wide mouth fell slowly ajar—he gazed absently and uncomfortably after Haskel. He thrust his hands in his pockets and drew them out again, still watching the old gray-beard disappear down the street.

He made no further mention of the big indemnity. He and his squaw tied their chattels on their saddles and departed in silence for Navajo Mountain. They resolved to stay beyond the zone-limit of Haskel's bad medicine in order to dodge the fate which had overtaken Hatch and Sanop and their followers.

(To be Continued)

SPRING

is the season of preparation for the harvest. The time is short but of great importance, for there can be no harvest if there is no planting.

YOUTH

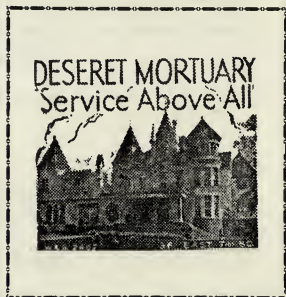
is the time for vocational preparation. Future achievements depend to a great extent upon the amount of training that can be secured before the major duties and responsibilities of life begin.



Let us tell you how you can obtain your training quickly and at little cost. Just ask for the booklet, "Planning Your Future."

L. D. S. BUSINESS COLLEGE

70 North Main, Salt Lake City, Utah



Your Page and Ours

LET'S SAY IT CORRECTLY

CHEMURGIC—illustrates the ability of the English language to coin new words when the need arises. The first part of the word is *chem* as in the word, *chemistry*, and means relation to chemical action. It is pronounced as if spelled *kem* with the *e* as in the word *met*. The second part, *urgic*, means a technical art of working; it is pronounced as in the word, *urge*, with the *i* as in the word, *ill*. The accent is on the *urg* part of the word. Another word formed similarly is *metallurgy*.

Devastating—the accent on this word follows the first syllable, *dev*. The *e* is pronounced as in the word, *met*; the first *a* as in the word *account*; the second *a* as in the word, *ate*; the *i* has the sound of the *i* in *it*.

Mussolini—the leader of the Fascists in Italy pronounces his name in the following manner: the first part is the same as the animal, the moose; the *o* is sounded as in the word, *obey*; the first *i* as in the word, *eat*,—and the accent follows it; the second *i* as the first *e* in *event*. Since he is also called *Il Duce*, we should know that the *i* has the sound of the first *e* in *event*; the *du* has the force of the double *o* in *moose*; and the *c* becomes *ch* as in *chair*; the *a* has the force of the *a* in *chaotic*. The accent follows the *duo* part of the word.

FROM ALBERTA

Alberta, Canada.
Nov. 26th, 1936.

Dear Brethren:

WE HAVE not received our November number of *The Improvement Era* yet, and we miss it very much. The family were all very much disappointed looking for it in vain mail after mail. It is the only Church paper we can afford and we think it is the most efficient to sustain one in the faith of the true and everlasting Gospel.

Will you kindly see to it that one copy of the November number be sent to us with the December one and oblige.

Yours in the L. D. S. Faith,

A. D. St. Pierre, Wanham, Alta.

A REBATE NOTE

San Juna Stake, Blanding, Utah, December, 1936.

Dear Editors:

HERE is a case of casting your bread upon the waters and H having it return to you. When I received the enclosed check as a refund to the Lasal Branch, I forwarded it with the suggestion, that if they didn't know what to do with it they could spend it well by sending the *Era* to some home that wouldn't likely get it otherwise, and thus perform a real missionary service.

Well, here is the check with a subscription for one year to the *Era*. Please send the *Era* to . . . I am sure that he will be helped along his way and be strengthened in his faith by having the *Era* come into his home. The Lasal Branch is doing a real missionary service by making it possible for the General Authorities to send a special message into his home each month.

(Signed) Lawrence M. Palmer,
San Juan Stake Era Director.

HIGH PERCENTAGE

302 Graham Apts.,
Great Falls, Montana
Dec. 7, 1936.

Dear Editors:

ENCLOSED please find . . . subscriptions. This should credit us with over 200% quota, and I am quite sure we will reach over 300% quota and very near 100% membership success before the campaign is over.

Yours truly,

(Signed) E. G. Malin.

POWER OF GOLD

"IS THE doctor treating her for nervousness?"

"Oh, dear, no. She's rich enough to have psychoneurosis."—*Boston Transcript*.



FILIAL DEVOTION

"DID YOU give the penny to the monkey, dear?"

"Yes, mama."

"And what did the monkey do with it?"

"He gave it to his father, who played the organ."—*Christian Register*.

PARADISE LOST AGAIN

"WHAT'S THIS, honey?" said Mrs. Youngbride's husband as he speared a slab from the dish.

"Lucifer cake, dear."

"I thought you said you were going to make angel cake."

"I was, but it fell."—*Stray Stories*.

AIMING LOW

"YOU SOMETIMES find a pearl in an oyster stew," remarked the waiter, pleasantly.

But the customer only grunted: "I'm looking for oysters."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



CAUGHT ON THE REBOUND

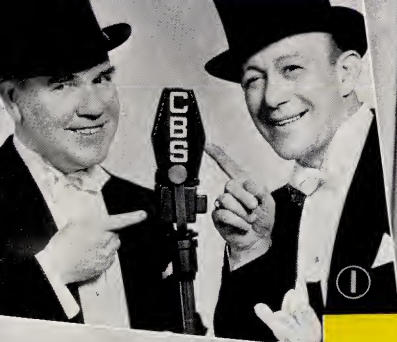
MERCHANT (to Book Traveler): "Salesmanship! Huh! I've no use for your book. I've forgotten more about salesmanship than you ever knew!"

Traveler: "Ah! Then may I show you this work on 'Memory Training'—complete in twenty-four volumes?"—*The Humorist (London)*.

LIKE THE REST OF US

WIFEY: "There's an old clothes man at the door."

Hubby: "Tell him I've got all I need."—*Judge*.



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Those magic words "sign off" the greatest shows in radio! To the Western States, KSL brings the hours that make radio history!

On this page are a few luminaries on the KSL-Columbia calendar. 1. Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, Sunday, 8 p. m. 2. Fred McMurray, Friday, 7 p. m. 3. Helen Trent (Virginia Clark), Monday through Friday, 10:30 a. m. 4. Alexander Woolcott, Tuesday and Thursday, 10:30 p. m. 5. Popeye and Olive Oyl (Floyd Buckley and Olive LaMoy), Monday, Wednesday and Friday, 5:15 p. m. 6. Myrt and Marge and brother George, featured in the new Myrt and Marge series, Monday through Friday, 12:45 p. m. 7. Eddie Cantor, Sunday 9 p. m. 8. Major Bowes, Thursday, 7 p. m.

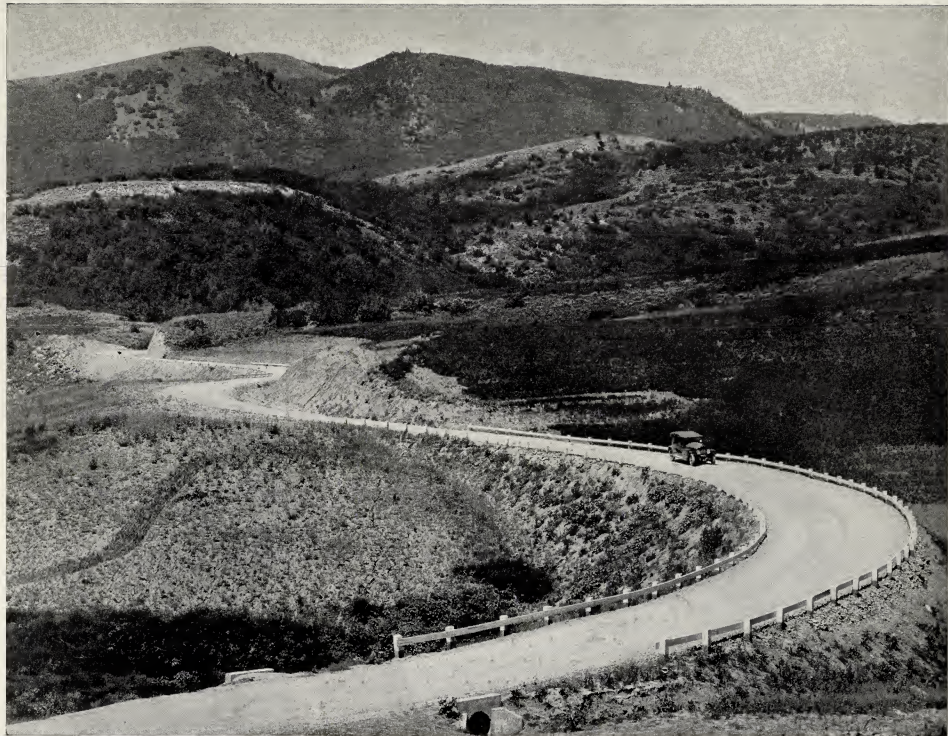
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**THE VOICE
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Life's highway consists of sharp curves, steep grades, long, rough stretches, high summits, pleasant valleys and lots of detours. Now you go smoothly and quickly along in high . . . now you shift to second . . . and now you back up. But you have to take it all as it comes . . . for there are no practical shortcuts.

A balanced life insurance program can be appropriately compared with a good vehicle for taking you safely over life's highway. No matter what the emergency, a well-planned Beneficial Life Insurance Program will get you where you want to go.

Ask Us to Help You Plan Your Life Insurance Program
If It's a Beneficial Policy It's The Best Policy That You Can Buy

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